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## O VERLAND MONTHLY

(Edited by ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.)

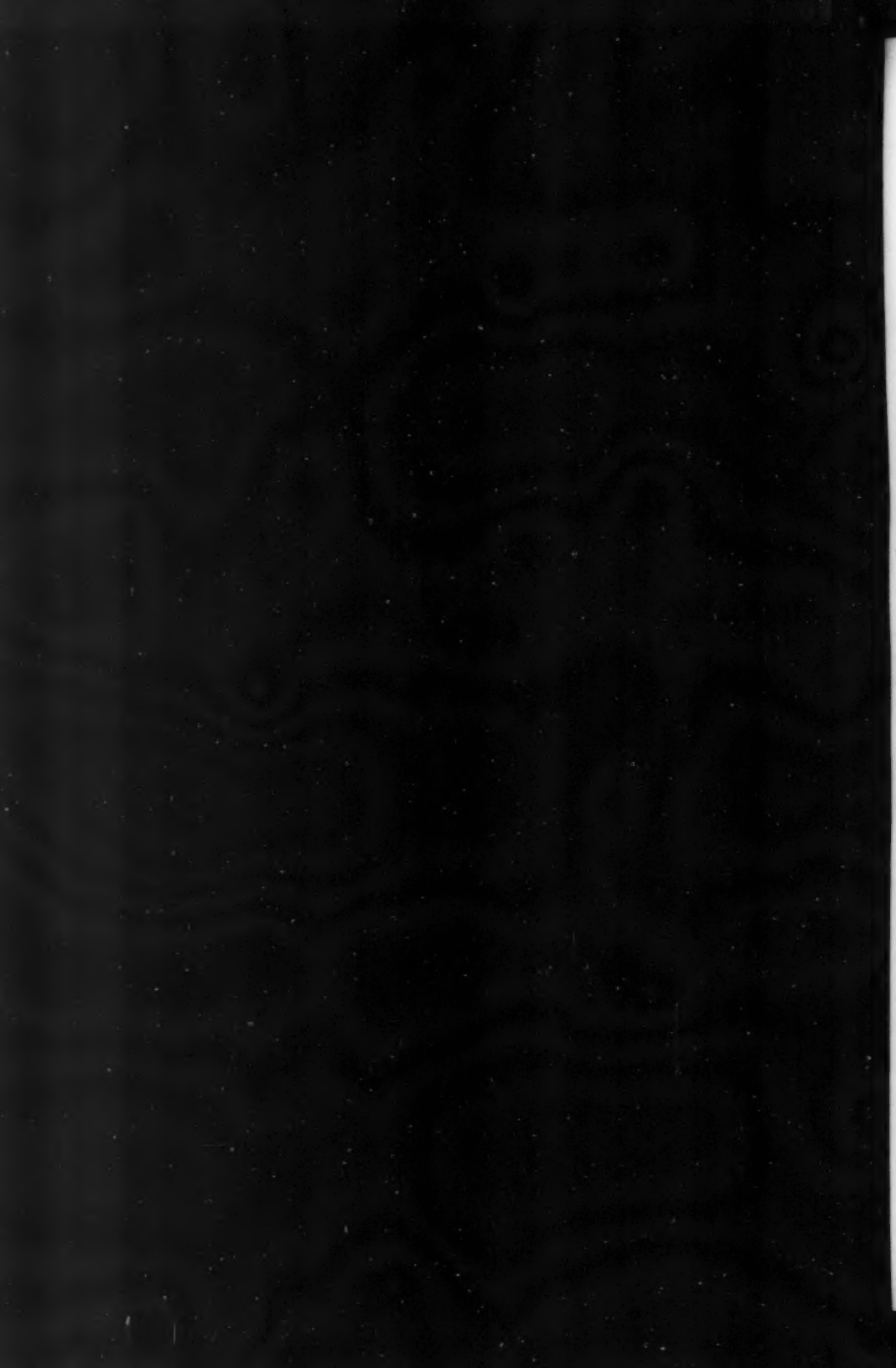
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE POETRY OF THE DE VERES, . . .	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	67
II. THE ROMANCE OF A STALL, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	85
III. THE ASSASSINATION OF NASIRU'D-DIN SHAH. By Edward G. Browne, . . .	<i>New Review</i> , . . .	93
IV. LETTERS ON TURKEY. By G. Max Müller, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . .	90
V. ARTHUR YOUNG. By Leslie Stephen, . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	108
VI. AN EVENING IN BOHEMIA. By Henriette Corkran, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	119
VII. HENRY. By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling, . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	124
VIII. BIRDS AT THE AMSTERDAM ZOO, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	126

## POETRY.

A KENTISH SCENE, . . . . .	66	"IN A DEVONSHIRE LANE, AS I TROTTERED ALONG," . . . . .	66
IN MEMORIAM—HEINRICH PREISIN- GER, . . . . .	66		

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## A KENTISH SCENE.

Just where the London road dips down  
To rise once more through Harbledown,  
Where, underneath the woods of Blean,  
The sheltered hops grow dark and green,  
Where Chaucer, with his pilgrim crew  
Riding, immortal portraits drew  
(For here "in Canterbury way"  
Our host began to "ape and play"),  
Where many a knight, returning home  
From wars in France or prayers at Rome,  
With a light heart and easy vein,  
Breathing the keen, pure air again,  
Saw the bright land with doubled zest,  
And thought, "Old England's aye the  
best."

Here Hopebourne lies, and, to my mind,  
A prettier scene you will not find.  
To north and east the curving hill  
Keeps off rude winds that blow too chill;  
The garden slopes to the winter suns;  
Below, the Neilbourne brooklet runs;  
Beyond it lies our valley's bound,  
The cheerful rise of hop-clad ground,  
And in the distance high plough lands,  
Where seaward the chalk ridge expands,  
Orchards, a windmill, fields of wheat  
Make the old Kentish scene complete.

Spectator.

B. H. H.

## IN MEMORIAM—HEINRICH PREISINGER.

The blue waves dance in southern glee,  
The purple mountains clasp the strand;  
Shines all around, on shore and sea,  
The splendor of the sunny land.

They gambol, these gay southern waves;  
With them my heart would fain be gay:  
But, ah! I see a field of graves  
Beside a northern city grey.

For there he sleeps, the friend I knew,  
The tender heart, the gracious mind:  
A soul more generous, just, and true  
I have not found, I shall not find.

Oh, true and tried, be sound thy sleep  
And sweet! Perchance thy lot is best:  
Yet I in thought must stand and weep  
Beside the mansion of thy rest.

Malaga.

C. E. T.  
Academy.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along  
T' other day, much in want of a subject  
for song,

Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,  
Sure marriage is just like a Devonshire  
lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once  
you are in it,  
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;  
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may  
be found,  
Drive forward you must, there is no turn-  
ing round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,  
For two are the most that together may  
ride;  
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in  
a pother,  
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each  
other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant  
looks,  
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with  
crooks;  
And Strife's grazing wheels try between  
them to pass,  
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on  
her ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left  
hand and right,  
That they shut out the beauties around  
them from sight;  
And hence you'll allow 'tis an inference  
plain,  
That marriage is just like a Devonshire  
lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within  
which we are pent  
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly  
besprent;  
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us  
to roam,  
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the com-  
forts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright  
holly grows,  
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering  
rose;  
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife,  
Soothes the roughness of care—cheers the  
winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the  
way,  
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to  
pay;  
And whate'er others say, be the last to  
complain,  
Though marriage be just like a Devon-  
shire lane.

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF THE DE VERES.<sup>1</sup>

The Wordsworthian tradition has fared ill in poetry since 1850. That tradition lays emphasis upon the attitude and habit of mind involved in poetic composition, and thus upon its substance; to language, however skillfully handled it denies any sufficient virtue to elevate or of itself make poetic the ordinary material of thought. With Wordsworth it was the impassioned and truthful view of things that was essential; when that was lacking, the "accomplishment of verse" was a trivial copy-book matter. Poetry for him was "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge, the impassioned expression that was on the face of science," and against all theories of "poetic diction," against any effort to construct poetry out of words in the absence of the inspiring idea he had set his face from the first. The root-conception in the Wordsworthian, as in the classical theory of poetry, is that the employment of rhythm, and more especially of the complex rhythms of lyric verse, presupposes some depth of meaning, some intensity of emotion which prose at its best can but imperfectly and inadequately render. It is certain that verse attracts because verse is an intense and emphatic form of expression. It is equally certain that verse

disappoints and wearies, save in the way of parody or comedy, when there is nothing intense or emphatic to express; when an attempt is made to transmute the trite, the fanciful, or the commonplace, to disguise them in the robes of sovereign thought—the truly intense and emphatic—by tricking them out in metrical dress. If it were possible to constitute a Supreme Court of Appeal in matters poetic before which aspirants for the poet's bays were by law compelled to appear, such a court might fairly demand in the first instance from each candidate some work in prose, not as an exercise in language, but as a witness to intellectual or imaginative power, as witness to a way of regarding things, to mental methods at once rational and suggestive, to types of thought or feeling for the perfect representation of which verse was the natural and proper medium. Did such a court exist, we should be spared the frequent necessity of the judgment best delivered in Heine's words, "Das hättest du Alles sehr gut in guter Prosa sagen können." But the decrees of such a court would condemn a vast number of our poets to the exile of perpetual silence.

Wordsworth denied then "that poetry can boast any celestial ichor that distinguish her vital juices from those of prose." But in the "superlative lollipops" of his early verse Tennyson once more asserted the inexhaustible charm of cunning modulation and verbal melody, even when but slightly informed by any real force of thought or feeling. The course of the later stream of poetry has flowed in other channels than those in which Wordsworth would have had it run. The sovereignty of the spirit is no longer recognized, and, with exceptions few and honorable, the poets have sworn allegiance to Our Lady of Music. The poetry approximating to music, expressive of half-articulate emotion not yet definitely yoked with or transmuted into mental images,—this poetry, dependent for such value as it may possess upon its expression rather than upon its spirit, is the characteristic

1. Julian the Apostate and The Duke of Mercia. By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. London, 1858.

2. Mary Tudor. An Historical Drama. In Two Parts. New Edition. By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. London, 1884.

3. Sonnets. By Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart. A New Edition. London, 1875.

4. The Poetical Works of Aubrey de Vere. Three Vols. London, 1892.

5. Legends of the Saxon Saints. By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1893.

6. Mediæval Records and Sonnets. By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1893.

7. Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire. By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1887.

8. The Legends of St. Patrick. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London, 1892.

9. May Carols; or, "Ancilla Domini." By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1881.

10. Odes and Epodes of Horace. Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere, with Preface and Notes. London, 1893.

poetry of the latter half of the present century. In Mr. Swinburne, its leader, and the popular choir, the view of things taken by the poet, his philosophy, his imaginative grasp and interpretation of life count for little. In their place delicate turns of phrase are zealously sought out, the dainty effects of collocated vowels, the ripple of alliteration, the aromas and the colors that fascinate the sense. We are presented by the poets of to-day with phials full of odors, and he is the best poet whose distillations catch the breath and sting the nerves with the most pungent perfumes. Yet, however far we are tempted to wander from it, the severe magnificence of pure as distinct from decorative art never fails to recall us, and we know that to it the final success indisputably belongs. Read but diligently enough in Mr. Swinburne's many volumes, and after a time the charm begins to fail, it ceases to have its early effects; we are taking in nothing, we are simply marking time musically. In the verse of the majority of our poets it is the same. Nothing is to be found there that is not very pleasing, but in the end we are not pleased.

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

There is nothing "to hold or to keep," and we recognize that beyond the marking of time musically we have been unemployed. A critic who abides by the Wordsworthian tradition essays to distinguish between poets by the internal differences in their work due to divergent mental methods and sympathies, by the intellectual and emotional framework upon which the artist builds. Such a critic seeks for the soul of the work, which is the fountain of its power; his endeavor must be to find the individual character, the *man* in the poem. He will recognize a poem as Shelley's or as Byron's by the unmistakable internal evidences of its authorship, by the spirit that is abroad in it. In the poetry of our own time what guidance from internal evidence is possible? The critic will trace a

recent poem to its source by an investigation of the vocabulary, the structure of the rhythm, and it may be by echoes of the poetry other than his own read by the author.

They are past as a slumber that passes,  
As the dew of a dawn of old time;  
More swift than the shadows on glasses,  
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.

We know this style; not by its heart of thought, but by its parti-colored raiment. The voice is the voice of Mr. Swinburne, but the commonplace is the commonplace of the general choir. Now we maintain that in the case of the "Di majores" the commonplace is their own commonplace, it is part of the general stock that they have appropriated and assimilated; the spirit that is abroad in them shines throughout their speech.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.

The voice is undoubtedly the voice of Milton; but though no very great thing in itself, it expresses Milton's habitual way of thought.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay,  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seem'd, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

The voice of Wordsworth not at his best, but Wordsworth's intellectual method is displayed here.

The great mass of modern poetry offers on the contrary nothing to give the clue to any unique individual pattern of mind possessed by the poet. It confines itself to saying nothing in particular with delicate perfection, in an exquisite key of words. The office of the modern poet seems to be that of carpet-minstrelsy; the heroic lyre is tuneless now, the manly voice is seldom heard. An enduring truth, a true instinct lies at the root of Wordsworth's theory that greatness in art is greatness in conception, that "fundamental brain-work" is the secret of its power.

Speaking of Tennyson, Wordsworth struck upon the weakness which the splendor of his robe of language not infrequently concealed: "He is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavored to view the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances." Its most ordinary appearances are for the great poets pregnant with meaning; their subjects lie ready to hand. Language is the medium in which they work, but the substance is more than the medium.

And the subjects of modern poetry, its criticism of life? How needful after it all, as Sainte-Beuve would say, to take up some wise book, where common sense holds the field, and where the simple and sound language is the reflection of a delicate and manly soul! We exclaim, Oh for the style of manly men, of men who have revered the things worthy of reverence, whose feelings have been governed by the principles of good taste! Oh for the polished, pure, and moderate writers! A little of the bracing air of the dawn of the century after this enervating breathless time of its decline, an hour or two with plain good sense and simple diction and human beings that belong to the real world! Than such exclusive devotion to form as is conspicuous in the Victorian era there is no surer sign of the absence of inspiring motive and imaginative wealth. No large canvas is attempted even by the successful artists. We have often lamented, for example, that the great series of English historical portraits begun but left unfinished by Shakespeare have not attracted the poets who followed him. Tennyson, it is said, was of opinion—an opinion apparently abandoned later—that the great subjects had all been treated and were exhausted, and chose for himself the artistic embellishment of slighter themes. But the confession, though a proof of individual weakness, afterwards confirmed, has no warrant in reality. It was not prompted by a judgment of insight. In Browning's

"Ring and the Book," Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor," and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Alexander the Great," we have abundant confirmation of the opposite view, which finds in the great artist sufficient cause for the great work. When lesser men complain of the cramping influences of the age, of the blighting conditions, the unpropitious environment, the great work is unexpectedly produced, and the apparently impossible is achieved. It is of the very nature of genius to achieve the unexpected, the impossible—for other men.

Little encouragement as there is in these days for those *Musas severiores qui colunt*, yet to read the poetry of our own times is a species of intellectual necessity, and hence perhaps the vein of indignation in certain minds arising out of personal disappointment. Some of us, like Tantalus, sick with hunger and thirst, yet never able to satisfy our appetites, are terribly tried in temper. That poetic representations, estimates, interpretations of the life and thought and movement of the world in which we are active agents as well as spectators, with which we are naturally most in sympathy, and of compulsion have exclusively to do,—that these are needful for us we feel keenly. In each age too there are revised estimates of the persons, the intellectual, moral, and spiritual tendencies, and the actions and movements of past ages; and with many of these the poet alone is competent to deal. It is therefore no fictitious demand which each succeeding epoch makes for a poet to express its deepest convictions. The great poets doubtless are for all time, but to be without poetical interpreters of insight in the present is a want in the age for which no excellence in the poetry of the past can compensate. Nevertheless, it is a thousand times better to confess our wants than to suffer ourselves to be deluded miserably by the fashionable "make-believe" criticism, that will persuade us in terms of impudent assertion that half the respectable verse-writers of the day are great poets. The daily

"discoveries" of "great poets" by the "eminent critics" of the literary journals wake the ancestral savage in the blood of sane and honest men. But though the Wordsworthian tradition has fared ill at the hands of the majority, it has been carried on and nobly. In the poetry of the de Veres, father and son, there is, we believe, a richer mine of inspiring thought, a subtler vein of reflection, infinitely wider dramatic range and power, a purer sensibility, and a simpler, more forcible diction than in the work of any living poet. To escape from the region occupied by the poets who are fanciful rather than imaginative, striking rather than truthful, brilliant in restatement of the ordinary poetic sentiment rather than illuminating,—to escape "the thirst after outrageous stimulation," if we read the poetry of to-day, it must be that of Mr. de Vere. Take almost at random a passage in "Alexander the Great" to illustrate the spontaneous elastic expression of fine thought, the larger utterance that distinguishes Mr. de Vere from his contemporaries. Craterus describes the character of Alexander:—

He wills not opposition to his will.  
 Since first he breathed this Asian air of  
     kingship,  
 Divinity of kings hath touch'd him much;  
 First in his blood it play'd like other lusts;  
 It mounted next to fancy's seat, and now  
 His eye usurping purples all his world.

Or take the same speaker's description of Ptolemy:—

A speculative man that knows not men,  
 A man whose blood flows sweetly through  
     his veins,  
 Leaving at every point a sleepy pleasure  
 That needs must overflow to all our race  
 In vague complacent kindness. All his  
     thoughts  
 In orbits as of planets curving go,  
 And grasp, like them, blank space. Your  
     minds majestic,  
 Like Ptolemy's, are oft but stately triflers.

How unlike the twitterings to which we are accustomed! This is a manner distinctive and fine in itself, the instrument of a mind at once subtle and com-

prehensive, at home in the region of human heart and life.

Sir Aubrey de Vere, who was a contemporary of Byron and of Sir Robert Peel<sup>1</sup> at Harrow, was like Wordsworth, his friend, cradled into poetry by Nature, amid the same scenes as that poet, beside the "peaceful mountain stream" that flows from Grasmere and Rydal into Windermere—the Rotha. But human nature claimed him and the *historia spectabilis* of the drama. "Julian the Apostate" and "The Duke of Mercia" were his first considerable compositions; "Mary Tudor," by far his greatest work, was not published until after the author's death in 1846, and as a consequence was never revised. Sir Aubrey de Vere's life was by no means wholly devoted to poetry. We are told by his son that probably not more than two years of his life, scattered over its various portions, were spent in the composition of his longer works. They must necessarily have occupied his mind for more extended periods of time than is here indicated, but Sir Aubrey de Vere cannot be regarded as in any sense a poet by profession:—

His reading was discursive, military works interesting him not less than poetry or history. From his boyhood he had approached military subjects with the ardor of a soldier, studying campaigns ancient and modern, with the aid of maps as well as books, a habit to which he probably owed his minute geographical knowledge, and a singular power of realizing, as a tactician might, the relative positions of remote places.

By birth an Irishman, Sir Aubrey de Vere's sympathies were divided between his native country and England, the home of his remoter ancestors,—sympathies which found expression in his historical sonnets and in those composed upon scenes of natural beauty in Ireland. In the brief memoir written by his son which appears in the volume containing "Mary Tudor," there is put

<sup>1</sup> Peel on one occasion, "to save his friend trouble, wrote a copy of Latin verses so good that the 'fine Roman hand' was well-nigh detected, and the two boys with difficulty escaped punishment."



on record an estimate of the man by one who bent over him after his death,—an estimate which harmonizes well with any that can be passed upon his poetry,—“In that brow I see three things—Imagination, Reverence, and Honor.” Among the fragments left behind him, the following now serves as a motto to his work as a poet:—

An if I be a worm, mine office is  
Like his which spins a thread that shall  
attire  
The noblest of the land; and when his  
task  
Is rightly done, sleeps, and puts forth  
again  
His powers in wings that waft him like  
an angel,  
Onward from flower to flower and up to  
heaven.

It is a somewhat difficult task to criticise Sir Aubrey de Vere's early dramas, a task made still more difficult in the case of poems which can hardly be said ever to have had a spell of life in public favor. With many of the qualities that compose greatness and compel admiration, they fail to command—as poetry must do or drop into oblivion—the attention, it may be said, in its own despite. The reader cannot fail to acknowledge their power, but he is not taken captive. With “Mary Tudor” it is quite another matter; no escape is possible there from the poet's net; we are enmeshed in its magic toils from first to last. For our part we should be content to rest Sir Aubrey de Vere's reputation upon his sonnets, pronounced by Wordsworth “amongst the most perfect of our age,” or upon that magnificent creation just spoken of, “Mary Tudor,” which two such different minds as those of Mr. Gladstone and the late Cardinal Manning agreed in placing next to Shakespeare. Probably no critical panegyric would induce any but a stray student of poetry in these hurrying days, to read “Julian” or “The Duke of Mercia.” Yet, if once read by him, that they would be read a second time is almost certain. But, like Southey, the author seems to have held the unpopular theory that poetry

ought to elevate rather than affect; and his early dramas, like Southey's epics, move on a plane above that in which the drama of life proceeds for ordinary human beings. To the few who read Southey's epics these dramas can be confidently recommended as sustaining like them, with apparent ease, the weight of a difficult subject, and rising at times to incontestable displays of passion and of power.

The high level sustained in Sir Aubrey de Vere's poetry is one of its most striking characteristics. If not inspiring throughout—and what poet is inspiring throughout?—he is never paltry, and the verse moves with a conscious unflagging dignity that corresponds to the grave and luminous current of thought beneath. That so fine a subject for historical tragedy as “Mary Tudor,” treated with such dramatic and poetic force as Sir Aubrey de Vere possessed, should be comparatively neglected, suggests several reflections. It seems clear that the reputation of a poet must be built up; that an enduring popular recognition of his genius is impossible unless he have laid a foundation broad enough to permit of appreciation from a circle wider than the circle of culture. For, after all, it is not to the critics nor even to the students that the gods have granted the disposal of fame, but to the people. The man in the street is little of a critic in any eyes other than his own, but upon his knees lie the final dooms of authors. That Sir Aubrey de Vere wrote little poetry which appealed to the general circle of readers militated against his acceptance as a representative poet of his epoch. And indeed he was not its representative. His interests were not sufficiently local and temporary, nor in the fashion of the time. He interpreted few feelings, faiths, or aspirations of his day, and thus missed the path which Tennyson, in whose brain the man of the world was not unrepresented, took,—the path that leads direct to fame. Sir Aubrey de Vere chose too for his longer works a poetic form, the dramatic, to which readers had grown unaccustomed, and

by whose unfamiliarity they were at the outset discouraged.

But whether recognized by the *vox populi* or not, the delineation of Mary Tudor ranks indisputably as the finest delineation of royal character since Shakespeare. The note of the characterization is that it presents a queen who is a woman, a woman who was also a queen; for royal, with all her faults, Mary Tudor was: royalty sat visibly upon the Tudor brow. To restore womanliness to that queen of England whom history, as it was written, had presented as an impossible personification of bloodthirstiness, was a dramatic aim, noble in itself, and splendidly successful. "The author of 'Mary Tudor,'" writes Mr. de Vere, in the fine preface to his father's play, "used to affirm that most of the modern historians had mistaken a part, and that the smaller part, of the sad queen's character for the whole of it." Sir Aubrey de Vere's conception of Mary's character deserves consideration, not only as poetic, but as in reality the most authentic portrait we possess,—historically more correct as taking in a larger group of facts, and morally deeper and more convincing as consistent with real human nature. We here claim for it the respect due to greater truthfulness and insight, as well as the admiration due to a more powerful artistic presentation than can be found in any other, whether painted by historian or rival poet.

No criticism of "Mary Tudor" can avoid comparing it with the "Queen Mary" of Tennyson, published twenty-eight years later. While neither of the dramas dealing with Queen Mary can be charged as pieces of special pleading, both attempt a revision of the historic estimate passed in her disfavor by popular English traditions. Were it necessary to sum up in a sentence the relative impressions produced by these companion pictures, it might fairly be said, "Mary Tudor" is the work of a dramatist and a poet, "Queen Mary" the work of a poet; the first is dramatic in the fullest sense throughout, the latter poetic throughout, and only in parts

dramatic. That Sir Aubrey de Vere had more of a native dramatic instinct than Lord Tennyson cannot be questioned. The grasp of character in his plays is firmer, the action and movement more inevitable, more grandly and simply natural. The *dramatis personæ* move and speak as in the movement and speech of real life. The dialogue is vital, not a conversation issuing from the mouths of puppets; the groups are natural groups, and the action unfolds itself as the necessary outcome of the circumstances and characters involved. Nowhere does Sir Aubrey de Vere fritter away dramatic effects by indulgence in pettinesses, nowhere seek opportunities for poetical descriptions; but, when such arise, the poetry is as pure and sweet as any in Lord Tennyson's drama. Take this from the scene on Wanstead Heath, exquisite in itself, and full of pathos from the lips of the loneliest queen that ever sat on throne:—

Mary.

How name you this fair prospect?

Arundel.

Wanstead Heath,

By Epping Chase.

Mary.

How blest these breezy downs,  
With purple heath and golden gorse  
    enamell'd;  
Each bosky bank with dewy windflowers  
    strewn,  
Each dell with cowslip and rathe violet,—  
And the sun-loving daisy on hill-tops  
Drinking the light! Ah, happy shepherd's  
    life!  
He this sweet solitude, without con-  
    straint,  
Explores, his chosen damsel at his side;  
Recounting tales of love and plighted  
    faith;  
Or from his pipe pours such delicious song  
That the wild hare in the close bitten lane  
Pauses with ear erect, and timorous deer  
That down the labyrinthine forest glade  
Goes bounding, starts aside, and turns to  
    gaze.

Sir Aubrey de Vere's blank verse is the blank verse of the English drama,—the *panharmonion*, as Symonds called it, the universal instrument as used by the

Elizabethans. Tennyson's blank verse is the verse of the "Idylls of the King," arranged to suit dialogue. Sweetness and an ornate beauty it possesses, but nowhere, in our judgment, the dramatic ring, the broken pause of power, the alternate gravity and swiftness of living speech.

In making this comparison, we make it with the mind's eye upon the first of the two dramas that compose the tragedy of "Mary Tudor." Sir Aubrey's second drama, though a fine work in itself, loses by following the first, and, if compared alone with "Queen Mary," might not without question bear away the palm. The reader fresh from a perusal of the first play, who has felt its condensed power, finds a certain diffuseness, and experiences less distinctly a unity of impression. The delineation is not so sharp nor arresting, the action somewhat languid, and, to some degree, the sentiment and thought seem to return upon themselves. Had Sir Aubrey de Vere lived to publish the work himself, there can be little doubt that much would have been altered, and the whole shortened. The weakness, if weakness there be in the second drama, is only weakness by comparison with the first. So fine a tragedy was produced by the author of the early part of the queen's reign that it was hardly possible to add another. The second play contributes little to our knowledge of Mary; the horror of remorse with which the first drama closes is in itself intensely tragic; and to the tragedy of a broken heart, the accumulation of sorrows or the advent of death lends no additional terrors. After the scene in which Mary sees from her window in the Tower the executioner hold up to view the once lovely head of Jane Grey, and the unhappy queen in her delirious frenzy cries:—

Pah! I am choked—my mouth is choked  
with blood!

no scene remained in her life of such terrible and overpowering agony. Life contained for her henceforth only

Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind.

Mary's failure and death are far less touching, fraught far less with the "pity and terror" of tragedy, than her remorse in the moment of final triumph over her enemies. Throughout this play, which opens with Northumberland's plot to seize the crown for his son's wife and ends with Jane Grey's execution, the poet with the finest instinct retains our sympathy for the queen no less than for her innocent rival. In weaker hands the play would undoubtedly have become the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, the guiltless victim of her father's ambition; but Sir Aubrey de Vere makes us realize, and it is a dramatic achievement of the first order, that the real suffering, the weight upon the heart which makes tragedy, is Mary's. Lady Jane suffers, indeed, innocently; but her whiteness of soul and devotion of love make her sorrows less sorrowful, and death a release from a world of troubles. That Sir Aubrey de Vere could give us such a picture as this of Lady Jane's last short interview with her mother, and still command our deepest grief for the queen who signed her death-warrant, seems to us a proof of the highest tragic genius:—

What shall I give thee?—they have left  
me little—  
What slight memorial through soft tears  
to gaze on?  
This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy?  
I cannot part with it; upon this finger  
It must go down into the grave. Per-  
chance  
After long years some curious hand may  
find it,  
Bright, like our better hopes, amid the  
dust,  
And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.  
Here—take this veil, and wear it for my  
sake.  
And take this winding sheet to him; and  
this  
Small handkerchief, so wetted with my  
tears,  
To wipe the death-damp from his brow.  
This kiss—  
And this—my last—print on his lips, and  
bid him  
Think of me to the last, and wait my  
spirit.

Farewell, my mother! Farewell, dear,  
 dear mother!  
 These terrible moments I must pass in  
 prayer—  
 For the dying—for the dead! Farewell!  
 farewell!

The gentleness, fortitude, and constancy of Jane Grey, her solicitude for her husband's life, her quiet acceptance of her own fate, the singleness of purpose and the beauty of her character, act as a foil to the political craft and pusillanimous shrinking from the result of his own acts displayed by Northumberland, and no less to the stormy passion and thirst for revenge in Mary alternating with woman's weakness and remorse. The delineation of the struggle in which the queen's soul is tempest-tost among the winds and waves of passion and native inclination, driven at one time by her imperious will, fortified by the resolve to keep guard over "the true cross and the authentic faith," at another swayed by a passionate craving, a wistful longing, infinitely pathetic, for some real affection, or by an inclination towards clemency and a milder policy,—this delineation can hardly fail to recall the tragic elevation, the "high passions and high actions," of the Elizabethan drama. How finely this recalls the accent of an elder day! The queen's passion is fairly alight, and the sword has been thrown into the scale of vengeance; "the demon wakes within her heart," and her mood passes into frenzy and madness:—

*Mary.*

I want  
 To see Jane Grey—after her widowhood.

*Fakenham* (aside).

After?—She then shall live.

*Gardiner* (aside).

Observe, she raves.

*Mary.*

We'll sit together in some forest nook  
 Or unless cavern by the moaning sea,  
 And talk of sorrow and vicissitudes  
 Of hapless love, and luckless constancy,  
 And hearts that death or treachery  
 divides!

What's the hour? Be quick, be quick,  
 I've much to do.

*Gardiner.*

Just noon.

*Mary.*

There will be death soon on the air,  
 With outspread pinions making an eclipse.  
 Ha! ha! brave work we queens do!

*Destiny*

Is in our hands—yea, in these very veins  
 The spirit of the fatal Sisterhood  
 Riots! The snakes of the Eumenides  
 Brandish their horrent tresses round my  
 head!

Of the minor characters, or rather the characters other than protagonist, Northumberland, Jane Grey, and Cardinal Pole are the most finely drawn; and, for the worthless Philip, Sir Aubrey de Vere compels a hatred akin to that which Shakespeare compels for a stronger though hardly more hateful villain in Iago. Mary's passion for Philip cannot be read as a passion real in itself, but as centred on the only possible object for her lifelong repressed affections. She sought some outlet for the sweeter springs beneath the bitter waters of her soul. Gardiner and Cranmer are great historical portraits, worthy of their place in a drama which, with admirable impartiality, describes a period so full of religious passions, and, within the narrow circumference of its acts and scenes, depicts the very life and figure of the times as no historian has given or ever can give it,—England vexed with fierce religious discords and civil strife, stained with innocent blood, aflame with hatreds as with martyrs' fires,—England, in whose borders the spirit of independence of an already ancient and free people was even now astir, but in which the various elements of the national life were not yet fused, and had not yet been unified as they were to be unified in the reign of Elizabeth.

Like characters drawn by all great artists, Sir Aubrey de Vere's portraits are at once individual and typical, at once persons and types. To each individual belongs a personality that differs from all others in the world; but it rests

upon a human foundation, an under-structure which is the same for all men. It is a comparatively easy task for the painter to limn a face which we recognize as in the abstract beautiful, or, if possessed of the observant eye, to reproduce features we know and recognize; but to see in every human countenance not its distinguishing lines alone, but those more fleeting which mark a special type, or to inform with human expression some abstract ideal of beauty, argues a power that belongs to the highest imaginative, combined with the highest observant and executive, genius. In Sir Aubrey de Vere's portraiture in "Mary Tudor," a thoughtful student will read the features not of individuals alone, but of individuals who belong to a certain age, a certain epoch in the history of England and of the world. Human and personal, they are also racial and peculiar to an epoch. Mary and Jane Grey, English to the core, though of natures widely differing; Northumberland and Cardinal Pole, types of the Englishmen of the period; Philip, the representative of Spain; and Gardiner, of the narrower, stronger Churchmen whose religion consumed their humanity, and so on throughout the play. To us it seems that it would be difficult to find among English dramas one which would serve better as a gallery, wherein to study the prevailing types of mind during the period of which it treats, than "Mary Tudor."

Sir Aubrey de Vere is greater in the old tradition of the drama, in the representation of action and of character displayed in action. Mr. de Vere, as we shall see, excels, like Browning, in the intellectual drama, the internal development of character *amid* circumstances rather than its delineation *by* action, in the actual conflict and clash of forces in the external world. Taken together, they represent the highest reach in the present century of the drama of action and the drama of thought. Of the drama of thought, or the intellectual drama, "Hamlet" may serve as an example, where the character of the hero dis-

plays itself in the life of his mind rather than in the field of action, since he is in action uncertain and wavering, and acts from sudden impulses instead of along definite lines of policy. The proper instrument of the intellectual drama, which is mainly concerned with crises in the history of the soul, seems to be, as with Browning, monologue, and it is noticeable that in "Hamlet" the monologues are more frequent and more lengthy than in any other of Shakespeare's tragedies. Mr. de Vere's method is somewhat different. In his finest play he makes a gradual revelation of the character of Alexander, largely by a chronicle in dialogue of the impressions made by his personality upon those in contact with him, partly by Alexander's own words and partly by his actions. How admirable is this when Parmenio, King Philip's old general, corrects his son Philotas' conception of Alexander, and the causes of his success in war:—

*Philotas.*

One half his victories come but of his blindness,  
And noting not the hindrance.

*Parmenio.*

At Granicus—  
But that was chance. At Issus he was greater;  
I set small store on Egypt or on Tyre;  
Next came Arbela. Half a million foes  
Melted like snow. To him Epaminondas  
Was as the wingless creature to the wing'd.

*Philotas.*

I grant his greatness were his godship sane!  
But note his brow; 'tis Thought's least earthly temple:  
Then mark beneath that round, not human eye,  
Still glowing like a panther's! In his body  
No passion dwells; but all his mind is passion,  
Wild intellectual appetite and instinct  
That works without a law.

*Parmenio.*

But half you know him.  
There is a zigzag lightning in his brain  
That flies in random flashes, yet not errs:

His victories seem but chances; link those chances,

And under them a science you shall find,  
Though unauthentic, contraband, illicit,  
Yea, contumelious oft to laws of war.  
Fortune that as a mistress smiles on others,

Serves him as duty bound; her blood is he,  
Born in the purple of her royalties.

If this be not in the manner of the great masters, we are at a loss to adduce examples of their manner. This passage serves well to illustrate Mr. de Vere's characteristic diction at its best,—“a style,” to use Matthew Arnold's luminous description of Wordsworth's best writing, “a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters.” It is a diction which aims at no surprises for the reader. It does not care to goad him into excitement if his imagination or his feelings are dull, and it thus elects to suffer comparative neglect amongst the styles of the day, which ask nothing from the reader, but take upon themselves to electrify his already over-stimulated nerves by the surprising and the ostentations.

“During the last century,” writes Mr. de Vere, in his preface to “Alexander the Great,” “it was thought philosophical to sneer at the ‘Macedonian madman,’ and moral to declaim against him as a bandit. Maturer reflection has led us to the discovery that ‘a fool’s luck’ helping a robber’s ambition could hardly have enabled a youth but twenty-two years of age when he began his enterprise to conquer half the world in ten years. The ancients made no such mistake. They admired, and therefore they understood.” Mr. de Vere’s study and presentation of the person and achievements of Alexander bring before us the greatest captain of the ancient world, with the sharpness and reality of outline that time, when counted by centuries, in despite of all historical records does so much to efface. One imperative demand is made upon fictional art,—it must be convincing. And this whether it works in the field of pure invention and repro-

duces types, or in the field of history and clothes the skeleton records with flesh and blood. The creative artist makes what we may call his only—for it is his fatal—failure, when he fails to be convincing. However roughly his material be handled, however ineffectively he executes detail, if the result leaves the impression of reality, if it convinces the eye and mind, the highest success has been achieved. Verisimilitude can hardly be gained at too dear a cost. Because it must be gained at all costs, an artist who works upon a period other than his own burdens himself with preliminary study. He must himself live the life of the period; he must not only know its outward shows, the dress it wore, its life of field and hearth, its pomp and circumstance, but he must know its inner life, sympathize with its ways of thought, experience its emotions, and feel the truth of its beliefs.

Perhaps Mr. de Vere of all living men, partly by natural affinity of mind and partly by reason that he is a poet, has the closest knowledge of, the fullest sympathy with, that period of European history which we are accustomed somewhat vaguely to denominate the Middle Ages. Much of his finest poetry is steeped in the spiritual mood, and might have been composed in the environment, of those ages. He has written what might almost be termed an apology for the Middle Ages in the preface to his “Mediæval Records.” But it is a proof of the breadth and intellectual range of his genius that he has produced no greater work than that which deals with the Pagan world and a type of such distinctly Pagan heroism as Alexander. True it is that Mr. de Vere finds in pride the great vice in his character, “the all-pervading vice,” as he writes, “which, except in the rarest instances, blended itself like a poison with Pagan greatness, and penetrated into its essence.” But in so doing he is not judging Alexander by the standard of Christian virtue, but by a standard which the highest minds among the ancients, such as Alexander’s master, Aristotle, might have



applied, and by his admiration for Alexander's heroic and intellectual qualities he proves for himself the possession of that openness and independence of mind which are so essential in judgments upon the persons and actions of ages other than our own.

Broadly human and sympathetic treatment of any period, however far removed from the present, could hardly fail to be successful; but in "Alexander the Great" our admiration is felt, not alone for the poet, but for the student whose alert eye caught sight of the finer details and possibilities of poetic and dramatic material in the comparatively scanty records of the year 323 B.C. From the hints in Plutarch, Shakespeare reconstructed the main characters in the Roman plays. Mr. de Vere gleaned a like precious harvest in the same field; but took the incident which is in some respects the most interesting in Alexander's life, his visit to the Temple in Jerusalem, from Josephus. Of this incident Mr. de Vere makes a poetic and legitimate use in tracing the effect of the religions of the East, and especially of the monotheism of the Hebrews, upon the imperial mind of the soldier-statesman. Alexander's sublime idea of an universal empire, "redeemed from barbarism and irradiated with Greek science and art," proceeded from a mind far other than that which guides the designs of the successful general. As Mr. de Vere says, "His intellect was at once vast and minute, his mind was at once idealistic and practical," and he was keenly susceptible of the reality and moral depth of the religions held by the peoples whom his genius overthrew. But Alexander's pride of power, ministered to by a dazzling series of successes, choked the spiritual fountains of his nature. So self-centred he stands, even in his moments of doubt and in the company of his only friend Hephestion, that his thought cannot travel beyond the circle of the one supreme ambition of his life. From the religions of the conquered peoples he extracts material to feed his quenchless pride; or, if that be impossible, he can

at least, by resource to scepticism, set aside their appeals to higher ideals, and at the worst he can cut the tangled knot with his resistless sword.

This only know we—  
We walk upon a world not knowable  
Save in those things which knowledge  
least deserve,  
Yet capable, not less, of task heroic.  
My trust is in my work; on that I fling  
me,  
Trampling all questionings down.

The many aspects of Alexander's character, beside that of its overmastering pride, his poetic mysticism, soldierly decision, marvellous foresight, consummate coolness and dexterity, passion and ardor, subtlety, and an instinct almost animal, are all revealed by Mr. de Vere in firm but delicately contrived strokes; and much more than these. How much of insight he gives us into the heart of the man in this contemptuous reference to Philotas, whom he has put to death on a suspicion of treason unproven:—

I, in his place,  
Had ta'en small umbrage at my days  
abridged;  
There lived not scope nor purpose in his  
life  
Which death could mar.

How affectingly, and with what exquisite appropriateness of scene, does Mr. de Vere introduce us to the only expression of Alexander's feelings which were not wholly centred in himself! With Hephestion, Alexander visits the tomb of Achilles and anoints the pillar that marks the grave; Hephestion lingers:—

*Alexander.*

The night descends.  
Hephestion, I depart.—You tarried;  
wherefore?

*Hephestion.*

For justice's sake and friendship's. Is  
there room  
For nothing, then, but greatness on the  
earth?  
I crown'd that other tomb.

*Alexander.*

What tomb?

*Hephestion.*

It stood  
Close by, the loftier; greater love had  
raised it;  
Patroclus' tomb.

*Alexander.*

'Tis strange I mark'd it not.

*Hephestion.*

These two were friends.

*Alexander.*

Ay! not in death divided.

*Hephestion.*

Therefore, despite that insolent cynic sect,  
The gods have care for things on earth.

*Alexander.**Hephestion!*

That which Patroclus to Achilles was  
Art thou to me—my nearest and mine  
inmost.  
In them, not lives alone, but fates were  
join'd;  
Patroclus died, Achilles follow'd soon.

The character of Alexander, whose "one human affection," his friendship for Hephestion, "did not escape the alloy" of pride, has an historic and philosophical interest; that of Hephestion an interest more near, human and personal. Without Hephestion the drama could not but have lain somewhat outside the realm of ordinary human nature, so far removed are Alexander's character and achievements from those possible for the average man. But in the juxtaposition of these two figures Mr. de Vere has produced a striking contrast of wide intellectual and moral bearings. Alexander touches earth in his love for his friend; Hephestion is ennobled by his preservation of every virtue, especially those distinctively Christian, of simplicity and humility, like Marcus Aurelius, even on the steps, as we may say, of an imperial throne. Alexander, like another Achilles, gathers around his person all the glories of intellect and of power which make him an incarnation of almost divine greatness; and, like Achilles, the dazzling brightness of his day is in imagination still more bright, because the night of death descended upon it all too soon and sudden, with no

twilight interspace of lessening greatness to prepare the eye. Alexander may stand for us as the supreme power of intellect, soaring in contemplation, resistless in action, and the worshippers of mind could hardly enthrone a greater deity chosen from among mortals. Hephestion, around whose head play less dazzling lights than those of imperial intellect and power, is a type of moral grandeur, of the beauty of virtue. Mr. de Vere's design, we doubt not, in this contrast was to make comparison between the Greek and the Christian ideals, the glory of the mind, and the greater glory of the soul.

It is barely conceivable that any careful student of this drama can assign to it a place second to any produced in the nineteenth century. Nearly all the great poets of the century have essayed drama; almost without exception they have failed. Scott's genius, supreme in narrative fiction, proved too discursive for dramatic bounds. Wordsworth failed because his intellect was contemplative, out of any close sympathy with action. Coleridge, metaphysician and mystic though he was, came nearer success, but did not reach it. Byron was too rigidly confined within the iron circle of his own personality to succeed in dramatic characterization. Landor produced with the statuary's art noble groups of men and women, but could not call them from their pedestals into breathing life. Keats rioted in the glow and passion of color and of music, and the Fates gave him no lease of life wherein to study the world that lay around him. Shelley achieved success in one instance, but his is a drama of hateful night unvisited by the blessed light of day. Tennyson, after a brilliant career in almost every other branch of the poetic art which raised high expectations, gained only a respectable mediocrity in this—the highest. The honors in nineteenth-century drama are all divided between Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, and the de Veres, and to the de Veres the future will confirm the laurel. "Mary Tudor" and "Alexander the Great," as we have said, rank side by side as the highest limits in the

drama of action and of thought reached in later times. "Alexander" is full of fine, of memorable, of durable things; it is a poem large in conception, triumphant in execution. "Mary Tudor," less striking in single lines and passages, less daring in its subject, has the grand processional movement suited to its subject, and in harmony with the great traditions of English historical drama. Mr. de Vere's diction is richer and more varied than Sir Aubrey's, and rises in dignity with the difficulty of the theme. Alexander's address to his troops after the mutiny among them has been put down, beginning:—

Ye swineherds, and ye goatherds, and ye  
shepherds,  
That shamelessly in warlike garb usurped  
Your vileness cloak, my words are not  
for you;  
There stand among you others, soldiers'  
sons,  
Male hearts, o'erwrit with chronicles of  
war:  
To them I speak—

is a truly magnificent oration, only matched by passages from the same play, as where Alexander crowns the tomb of Achilles and apostrophizes the dead hero, or where, looking out from the cliff opposite new Tyre, he sees in vision the city that was to bear his name, Alexandria.

There the Euxine  
Thaws in the hot winds from the Arabian  
gulfs,  
There meet the East and West; dusk  
Indian kings  
Thither shall send their ivory and their  
gold,  
And thence to far Hesperia!

The imagery is throughout arresting and in the highest degree poetic, as here where Hephestion speaks of Philotas:—

Coldness in youth is twice the cold of old;  
Beneath the ashes of a fire burnt out  
Some heat may lurk; but from the  
unfuell'd hearth  
And dusk bars of a never-lighted fire  
The chillness comes of death.

Or here where Philotas is awaiting death after condemnation, and has

drawn from Phylax an oath to revenge him by the assassination of Hephestion:—

Remember  
An ice-film gathers on my shivering blood.  
Oh, happy days of youth! They'll laugh  
at me,  
A shadow mid' the shades, as I have  
laugh'd  
At Homer's ghosts bending to victim  
blood,  
A sieve-like throat incapable of joy!  
Tell me these things are fables. I'd not  
live  
A second time; for life's too dangerous!  
We come from nothing; and another  
nothing,  
A hoary Hunger, couchant at Death's  
gate,  
Wait to devour us.

A critic's duty towards this play would be unfaithfully performed, if he failed to call attention to the fine scenes in prose which it contains,—scenes which, almost to a greater degree than those in verse, fill the reader with admiration for the author's subtle psychological power and command over the resources of language.

Into Mr. de Vere's dramas, "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," enters a philosophical in addition to their historical, personal, and poetic interest. The hero of each figures forth in his own person a great world-moving idea, such ideas as emanate from individuals who stand head and shoulders above their fellows, are in advance of their own times, and often powerful agents in the development, so slow and yet so certain, of human society. To Alexander must be ascribed of right the first inception of the idea which in our day has become the familiar one of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." He first conceived the possibility of an universal empire, which should embrace the nations and gather the whole human family under the rule of a single sceptre. It was not to be expected that he should conceive it as a commonwealth or as ruled by any other than its imperial founder. He would have thrown the peoples into the melt-

ing-pot of his own ambition and created a terrestrial planetary system of nations, with himself as central sun. But the magnificence of the idea is scarcely marred by the splendid egotism of the man, who not alone conceived but went far to realize it, "to make," in Dryden's words, "one city of the universe."

Had he lived [says Mr. de Vere] he must have created it. The Romans, whose legions with difficulty resisted the phalanx when wielded by Pyrrhus of Epirus, must have sunk, despite the patriotic confidence of Livy, before the conqueror. The imperial series would then have been far otherwise completed; the consummating empire, which resumed all its predecessors, inheriting their gifts, and exaggerating at once their good and their evil, the virtues that win power, and the earthly aim that degrades it, would have been an empire of intellect, not of law; and over its subject realms there would have been scattered, not Roman municipalities, but Greek schools.

What the world has lost, what it may have gained, by the early death of the world-dissolving, world-creating Macedonian, he would be a bold speculator who would venture to affirm.

In the person of Becket, Mr. de Vere also represents an idea of wide-reaching national importance. Becket stands in the history of his epoch as representative of the Church, a truly moral power espousing the higher national interests against a tyrannous control, and so as a pillar of the people's cause, a pioneer in the movement towards true freedom and the higher civilization. As a great reformer of clerical abuses, one indeed regarded in his own day as secular in his views, and as defender of the Church against the crown, he was in reality the upholder and guardian of the cause of liberty, so hardly won in council hall and tented field by the people of England from their hereditary kings.

The poetry of Mr. de Vere, to one fresh from the perusal of modern verse, seems almost overweighted, overcharged with thought. The error, if error there be, lies certainly in excess

rather than deficiency; he sows less with the hand than with the whole sack. Or it might be more truthfully said that the fault is in over-refinement, such refinement as can hardly be censured in itself, but is rarely achieved without expansion beyond the limits of emphasis, or without sacrifice of that breadth of effect which is essential to the highest beauties of verse. But though refined beyond necessity, the informing ideas of his poetry are never abstract, but spring spontaneously from some ground of universal experience, and are vitally connected with human feeling and the real world. Like the poetry of Wordsworth, it lives and moves in the peopled city of the pure humanities, not in the world of phantasy derived, it may be, from ancient legend or saga where we are "housed in dreams." It is poetry whose source is very near the heart, whose appeal needs not therefore to be couched in the language of exaggeration, so simple, direct, and winning are the truth and justice of its natural claims. As with Wordsworth, too, the level of Mr. de Vere's verse is determined by its immediate subject; as the wind of inspiration blows strongly or faintly, the verse rises or falls, but it must be noticed that the language remains the same throughout; it is never by trick of phrase or cunning effects of word-melody that Mr. de Vere's poetic power displays itself. The subjects of which he makes choice are subjects upon which he feels strongly and treats for their own sake, not merely such as afford facilities for poetic handling or the production of surprising beauties, that we may be caused to exclaim, "How ingenious an artist!" It is poetry not by reason of its ornate splendor, but because its thoughts are sincere, its impulses spontaneous, its passion authentic.

We have already noticed that the poetry of the de Veres is characterized by its independence of contemporary fashion, than which there are few surer tests of true poetic genius. We have remarked their success in the dramatic form, a form in which the

representative poets of the century fell short. There is yet another field of poetry, cultivated indeed by many modern poets, but by few among the greatest with eminent success, in which the de Veres have attained a notable mastery, a mastery acknowledged by all competent critics. Minds of the discursive order, like Wordsworth's, working in the medium of measured language, are apt to run on to undue lengths, to spread their thought over too large a surface. For this reason Mr. de Vere, like Wordsworth, is indisputably at his best in the poems composed in fixed forms; in the drama, because compression is essential, and in "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground," where prolixity is impossible. A poet who is exclusively a poet, whose business in life is poetry, naturally pours into verse all his impressions of life, makes the Muse his *confidante* in small matters as in great. But enduring poetry is occasional, it comes into being at unexpected moments only when a perfect balance of mind and heart are attained, when speech and idea are in the closest harmony. Throughout a long poem it is barely possible that this perfect harmony can remain unbroken. A strict form, such as that of the drama or the sonnet, seems to aid some poets, compelling them to a severer guard over themselves than they care to exercise when moving in freer, more liberal forms. In the art of sonnet-writing Mr. de Vere inherited to the full his father's genius. If less massive than the sonnets of Sir Aubrey, Mr. de Vere's are as delicately chiselled, are more varied in melody, and embrace a wider range of subject. Of his father's sonnets it is difficult indeed to speak too highly. Their weight of thought and corresponding dignity of movement remind us irresistibly of the organ note to be heard in Milton's

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight at Arms,  
or in his

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints;  
while in singleness or unity of effect,

in chaste beauty of language, they can best be compared with Wordsworth's. Of the one hundred sonnets in the volume published in 1875, many deal with aspects of scenery, in the main Irish; some may be classed among poems inspired by patriotism, others among those inspired by religious feeling. Take this as an example of the grave splendor for which almost all are conspicuous:—

GOUGAUN BARRA.

Not beauty which men gaze on with a smile,  
Not grace that wins, no charm of form or hue,  
Dwelt with that scene. Sternly upon my view,  
And slowly—as the shrouding clouds awhile  
Disclosed the beetling crag and lonely isle—  
From their dim lake the ghostly mountains grew,  
Lit by one slanting ray. An eagle flew  
From out the gloomy gulf of the defile,  
Like some sad spirit from Hades. To the shore  
Dark waters roll'd, slow heaving, with dull moan;  
The foam-flakes hanging from each livid stone,  
Like froth on deathful lips; pale mosses o'er  
The shatter'd cell crept, as an orphan lone  
Clasps his cold mother's breast when life is gone.

Or this, as representative of the sonnets dealing with national themes:—

THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER.

Power's footstool is Opinion, and his throne  
The Human Heart; thus only kings maintain  
Prerogatives God-sanction'd. The coarse chain  
Tyrants would bind around us may be blown  
Aside, like foam, that with a breath is gone:  
For there's a tide within the popular vein  
That despots in their pride may not restrain,  
Sworn with a vigor that is all its own.

Ye who would steer along these doubtful  
 seas,  
 Lifting your proud sails to high heaven.  
 beware!  
 Rocks throng the waves, and tempests  
 load the breeze;  
 Go search the shores of History—mark  
 there  
 The Oppressor's lot, the Tyrant's des-  
 tinies;  
 Behold the wrecks of ages and despair!

Mr. de Vere, in his memoir of his  
 father, tells us that

the sonnet was with him to the last a  
 favorite form of composition. This taste  
 was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of  
 Wordsworth, whose genius he had early  
 hailed, and whose friendship he regarded  
 as one of the chief honors of his later life.  
 For his earlier sonnets he had found a  
 model chiefly in the Italian poets, especially  
 Petrarch and Filicaja. Like Filicaja also,  
 who so well deserved the inscription  
 graven on his tomb, "*qui gloriam litera-  
 rum honestavit*," he valued the sonnet the  
 more because its austere brevity, its  
 severity, and its majestic completeness fit  
 it especially for the loftier themes of  
 song.

It may be remarked, however, that the  
 sonnet has been in recent years so  
 assiduously cultivated as a poetic form,  
 so much careful attention has been  
 given to the minutest details of its  
 structure, and, as a result, such  
 metrical perfection is now required of  
 the writer of sonnets, that many of Sir  
 Aubrey de Vere's most finished poems  
 in this form might from one point of  
 view be regarded—in the good company,  
 however, of Shakespeare—as inferior to  
 those of poets not for one moment com-  
 parable with him. Mr. de Vere had the  
 advantage of experience not open to  
 his father, and his work has perhaps  
 gained in technical qualities. He is  
 best known probably as a sonneteer,  
 and we therefore quote only two of his  
 many faultless poems cast in this  
 mould. The first is very characteristic  
 of the refinement, the grave wisdom,  
 the stateliness of his mind.

#### SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or  
 grave,

God's messenger sent down to thee; do  
 thou  
 With courtesy receive him; rise and  
 bow;  
 And ere his shadow pass thy threshold,  
 crave  
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
 Then lay before him all thou hast; allow  
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
 The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief  
 should be  
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making  
 free;  
 Strong to consume small troubles, to com-  
 mend  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts  
 lasting to the end.

The following in a different key dis-  
 plays the ample sweep of his imagina-  
 tion:—

#### THE SUN-GOD.

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood  
 High in his luminous car, himself more  
 bright;  
 An archer of immeasurable might:  
 On his left shoulder hung his quiver'd  
 load;  
 Spurn'd by his steeds the Eastern moun-  
 tains glow'd;  
 Forward his eager eye, and brow of  
 light  
 He bent; and while both hands that arch  
 embow'd,  
 Shaft after shaft pursued the flying  
 night.  
 No wings profaned that god-like form;  
 around  
 His neck high-held an ever-moving  
 crowd  
 Of locks hung glistening; while such per-  
 fect sound  
 Fell from his bowstring, that th'  
 ethereal dome  
 Thrill'd as a dewdrop, and each passing  
 cloud  
 Expanded, whitening like the ocean  
 foam.

We have dwelt thus long upon the  
 dramatic quality, the solidity of sub-  
 stance, the wealth and melody of lan-  
 guage to be found in Mr. de Vere's  
 poetry, because it seems to be popularly  
 supposed that he is a poet of purely  
 meditative mood whose sympathies are  
 almost exclusively engaged with as-



pects of religious faith or aspiration. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the work of the poetess and son alike there is a healthy variety of interests, a hearty appreciation of all that can gladden or beautify or ennoble life, a fulness of pulse such as rarely beats in the poetry of mature life, and is conspicuously absent in the pessimistic period we have lately traversed. The enthusiasms of Mr. de Vere's nature have free course; its joys and sorrows, noble in themselves, have a noble outpouring in his verse, and not seldom does it render with perfect fidelity the inmost cry of the heart:—

When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Next to Browning's, Mr. de Vere's poetry shows, in our judgment, the fullest vitality, resumes the largest sphere of ideas, covers the broadest intellectual field since the poetry of Wordsworth. But with his versatility of manner and wealth of ideas he has not combined that poetic parsimony which gives only of its best, and which has its reward at the hands of time. Had he been less facile, it is probable that his reputation as a poet would have been even higher than it is. Only the diligent student of poetry cares to discover for himself the pleasantest places in a poet's garden. If it be a garden so carefully cultivated as that of Gray or Tennyson, where every inch of ground has been scrupulously tended, where the poet has, to change the metaphor, been his own editor and made his own selections, the visitors will be more numerous and the critics disarmed ere they enter the sacred enclosure. With poets like Browning and Wordsworth, the part is often greater than the whole, and in these days of many writers only the choicest work of an author can hope for survival. Most of the poets of our own times and those to come will be read only in anthologies, and brief space will be granted to few among them save the highest. Were a judicious selection made from Mr. de Vere's poetry—neither of the two already published

seem to us in all respects satisfactory—we are confident that the critic of the future would view with some astonishment and contempt any verdict of the present which ranked before it a volume by any living writer.

It has been sufficiently proved that Mr. de Vere is an original author. Alone among living poets he certainly stands, if only by reason of the strikingly impersonal character of his work. Like Byron and Tennyson, the later singers are rarely successful save when intensely personal, when they depict moods they have themselves experienced. It will be granted, however, that by far the highest triumphs of imaginative art are achieved by those poets, rare indeed in their appearance, whose sphere of operation is not limited by the narrow boundary of a single life's experience, but who cast themselves abroad upon universal human nature, sound its depths and shallows, sympathize with its multi-form interests, and, entering through knowledge and native insight into the long history of man, are, in a very positive sense, citizens of the world rather than the slaves of environment in any age or country. Mr. de Vere has indeed lived abroad, a mental life untrammelled by space or time, of singular variety and depth; but perhaps he has felt himself most in unison, and, it may be, almost desired to make his home with the ages which he characterizes as eminently Christian ages, when life was at once gay and serious, represented in one aspect by Dante, the most spiritual of poets, and in another by Chaucer, the most mirthful and human-hearted.

In these latter days of science and scientific enquiry, necessary progress has done much to remove into the region of discarded legend and mystic unreality many of the largest and most penetrating conceptions, many of the noblest truths regarding it that could inform and illuminate human life. In that body of Mr. de Vere's work which we may call distinctively religious, as dealing with the spiritual part of man, he has chosen for poetic treatment cer-

tain great spiritual conceptions, and has illustrated them at work in the formation of saintly character, producing lovely and perfect lives, and as productive of that self-forgetfulness, the passionate surrender to the service of humanity of those who, "loving God, loved man the more," which shines in the devoted missionary labors of the ancient Roman and Celtic churches. The gladsome and luminous wisdom, the child's heart within the man's maturer mind, the quiet yet expectant trustfulness that belongs to unquestioning faith, the intense glow of an unquenchable fire of aspiration,—these are but dim and remote to us in a season that seems by contrast the dull November of the world. So wise are we grown that we can scarce be joyful, and, though heirs of all the ages, can reduce only a small portion of our patrimony into actual ownership. Mr. de Vere would have us recover the ancient wealth of our fathers, while we retained what is exclusively our own; and in his verse the neglected truths, once in actual possession of the Christian peoples, are reverently and nobly emphasized. In reading Mr. de Vere's "Legends of the Saxon Saints," "Mediæval Records," and "Legends of St. Patrick," we confess that with us the uppermost feeling has been—a feeling which Mr. de Vere was doubtless desirous of inspiring—how much our material and scientific progress, our advance in civilization, has lost us. That there have been compensating gains Mr. de Vere would himself be the first to insist, but the loss is no less certain. It almost seems as if the human race lay under the blighting necessity of paying for its greatest gains by the abandonment of other and no less priceless possessions. In a fine poem written at Lugano, we have Mr. de Vere's message to the present age:—

Teach us in all that round us lies  
To see and feel each hour,  
More than Homeric majesties,  
And more than Phidian power;  
Teach us the coasts of modern life  
With lordlier tasks are daily rife

Than theirs who plunged the heroic oar  
Of old by Chersonese;  
But bid our Argo launch from shore  
Unbribed by golden-Fleece:  
Bid us Dædalean arts to scorn  
Which prostituted ends suborn!

That science—slave of sense—which  
claims

No commerce with the sky,  
Is baser thrice than that which aims

With waxen wings to fly!  
To grovel, or self-doomed to soar—  
Mechanic age, be proud no more!

Of that department of Mr. de Vere's work dealing with chivalry, the lives of saints and the records of the Christian Church, we have not left ourselves space to write. We omit a lengthened criticism with the less regret since this part of his work is most widely known. To a volume of selections, recently published under the editorship of Mr. Woodberry, an appreciative and excellent essay stands as preface, in which full justice is done to these Christian poems.

They succeed one another, as the poet's memory wanders back to the legends of the empire on the first establishment of the faith in Roman lands and along Asian shores, or moves through mediæval times with Joan of Arc and episodes of the Cid that recall Cuchullain in their light-hearted performance of natural deeds, now under the cross. The beauty of these separate stories is equable and full of a softened charm; but in them too, as in the Bardic myths, there abides that distance of time which makes them remote, as if they were not of our own. They are highly pictorial; and in reading them, each secluded in that silent, old-world air that encompasses it, one feels that here is a modern poet, like those early painters of pious heart who spent their lives in picturing scenes from the life of Christ; and one recalls, perhaps, some Convent of San Marco where each monastic cell bears on its quiet walls such scenes from the shining hand of the Florentine on whose face fell heaven's mildest light. These poems of Aubrey de Vere—to characterize them largely—are scenes from the life of Christ in man; and there is something in them—in their gladness, their luminousness, their peace—which suggests Frà Angelico, the halo of Christian art.

Before we take our final leave of Mr. de Vere, we would illustrate by one quotation the felicity with which he moves in lighter and more lyric measure. There are few poets of the present generation, despite their almost exclusive devotion to the lyric Muse, who can write more charming verse than this:—

In Spring, when the breast of the lime-grove gathers  
Its roseate cloud; when the flush'd streams sing,  
And the mavis tricks her in gayer feathers;  
Read Chaucer then; for Chaucer is Spring!

On lonely evenings in dull Novembers,  
When rills run choked under skies of lead,  
And on forest-hearths the year's last embers,  
Wind-heap'd and glowing, lie, yellow and red;

Read Chaucer still! In his ivied beaker  
With knights, and wood-gods, and saints emboss'd,  
Spring hides her head till the wintry breaker  
Thunders no more on the far-off coast.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE ROMANCE OF A STALL.

I.

One fine April morning, in the year of our Lord, 1880, Peter Morero awoke from the sound healthy sleep which was his nightly portion, and began hastily to dress himself for first mass. It was nearly four o'clock, and the bells were ringing when he came out into the keen morning air, and ran across the green which divided his little weather-beaten house from the great white church which invests the mountain village of Cavalese with a prestige unshared by any other in Tyrol. When mass was over, Peter left the church with the other worshippers, but he did not follow them out of the churchyard. Instead, he stood a moment looking at the brightening east, then taking the brush out of the stoup of holy water

attached to the outer wall of the church, he bestowed a conscientious aspersion upon two graves which lay side by side in the shadow of the eastern portico, and after replacing the brush in the stoup, and laying his hat beside him on the grass, he knelt down and prayed for the souls of his father and mother.

"And may they too pray for their poor orphan," he murmured, as he rose from his knees. Peter always thought of himself as an orphan, although he was forty-eight years old (a late hour in the hard-worked life of a Tyrolese peasant), and his parents had died only the year before at a very advanced age. But he had never been married, or even betrothed, and his affection for his good, loving parents, and his grief at their loss, had been the single emotion of his uneventful life. Now that the old couple slept in the churchyard he lived on alone, in contented bachelorhood, in the low, two-roomed cottage they had bequeathed to him; and notwithstanding the fact that it was by many degrees the poorest in Cavalese, and let in the summer rains and winter snows, he felt for it all the pride of a proprietor. It was a very modest and, so to speak, humble pride, however, for never, even in early youth, had Peter merited the description given in Holy Writ of certain characters, and of Jeshurun in particular, of whom we are told that they "waxed fat, and kicked," and were in consequence duly disciplined by adverse fate. It was true, indeed, that all opportunities to wax fat, either in a material or moral sense, had been denied him; but it was equally true that no amount of prosperity could have made him aggressive or boastful.

He was an unobtrusive, silent, sympathetic little man, and though dingy and wrinkled, physically wizened and unhandsomely hirsute, he was yet so honest and kindly that there was something pleasant in his aspect, notwithstanding his ugliness.

The clock was striking five as he issued from the churchyard, and he made haste home, for he had yet several things to do before his departure for the summer. His green fustian bag lay

ready strapped beside his staff, but it was still necessary for him to arrange his few poor sticks of furniture, and to leave everything in readiness for Anna Morero, his cousin Paul's widow, who, with her two boys, was to occupy his cottage during the summer. When all was in order, he carefully locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and began to water some fine carnations which stood on a bench placed against the outer wall of the cottage. Peter was considered to have a lucky hand with carnations, and he now looked lovingly at these, and cut off one really splendid blossom which he fastened in his hat. Then he took up the two big pots and carried them across the street to the postwoman, who had promised to care for them during his absence, and also to keep the key of his house until Anna Morero came to claim it. It was not without some qualms of conscience that he confided his plants to the postwoman. He felt that he would have dealt more handsomely by his cousin and her children had he left the carnations to their care. But, as he told himself, Anna had never been careful with plants, and her two boys, aged respectively thirteen and sixteen, were much more likely to spoil flowers than to care for them. To be sure, there was Luisa Badi, Anna's daughter by her first husband, she who was, until she could get something better, cow-girl at a farm some miles away. But Peter had never seen her since she was a baby, and though he knew her to be twenty-one years old, he still considered her too young to be trusted with his carnations. He fulfilled his errand to the postwoman therefore, and after due thanks and farewells, went his way.

He had a day's journey before him, for he was bound to the distant heights on the other side of the Adige; and as he walked on, now casting a glance at the mountains, and now at the valley to which he was descending, his thoughts were busy with the work which awaited him, for he had engaged himself to the landlord of the inn at Klobenstein as cowherd, and had after-

wards learned that he was a master whom it was not easy to please. Now Peter liked his work, and understood it, but it annoyed him to be followed up and interfered with, because, when he had any spare time he liked to rest in the quiet stall and dream his fill. He would not have called it dreaming. Though in reality much given to day-dreams, he had never heard the phrase; he called these long daily meditations "remembering." In truth he did delight in remembrance. He could neither read nor write, but he possessed an extraordinary memory, and it was richly stored with the folk-lore of the mountains. To lie on the warm straw in the cow-stall, and listen to that soothing sound, the chewing of the cud; to feel the gentle, sympathetic, but not importunate friendliness of the cows about him; to gaze idly at the motes dancing in the rare, slanting rays of sunshine which cleft the shadowy darkness of the interior, and through the slightly open door to see in the far distance the splendid pageant of lights and shadows and prismatic colors upon the fairy peaks of the Dolomites—all these delights were dear to the soul of Peter Morero, who, though he did not know it, was a poet and a sybarite in his own humble way.

Poor Peter, stepping steadily down the mountain, with all his personality packed into the green bag he carried on his back, with his jacket on his shoulder, his staff in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth, his mind full of a gentle, modest contentment, delicately tempered by a faint anxiety as to the well-being of Herr Mair's cows, and a slight apprehension as to that individual's treatment of his cowherd, was surely too modest a figure to invite, much less to deserve, a fling from destiny. Peter ventured to hope for nothing in the future that he had not had in the past, and feared nothing but the poor-house, and too long a stay in purgatory. Yet his last tranquil day lay behind him.

He had walked for about three hours, when a turn in the rough mountain road brought into view a narrow and

steep path which branched off abruptly. Some cows were slowly climbing this path, and making their way one by one into the field which overhung the road. Peter's eyes instinctively followed the cows, and his ear lent itself half unconsciously to the shouts of the cow-girl, who as yet was invisible to him. Suddenly she appeared above his head, following her cows. She dropped her stick for a moment to pick a sprig of pear-blossom which she put between her teeth, and taking her handkerchief from her head, turned and shook it, preparatory to putting it on again. The action showed to advantage her tall, youthful figure and the fine poise and beautiful shape of her head; while the broad sunlight set off the rich bloom of her complexion and bronzed the locks on her temples, now ruffled up and waving, although the mass of dark hair was closely braided and bound with the maiden snood. As with all cow-girls her feet were bare, and she wore the ordinary peasant's dress. But she was like no peasant girl Peter had ever seen; and as he stood looking up at her his staff slipped out of his hand, and fell noisily on the stony road. Instantly, the girl threw up her head like a listening deer; then she came forward to the edge of the field, and let her glance fall upon him for the first time. Her eyes were large and long, and in color like pools of clear water on a bed of brown autumn leaves. A dancing light, a ray, a laugh, played forever in the corners of the eyes, and produced an indescribably elusive, puzzling, but fascinating expression. Such eyes look out of Mona Lisa's portrait on the wall of the Louvre, and they have ever been troubling to the sons of men.

Our poor hero was no exception to the rule, and he stood mutely gazing upward, while the girl with a slight laugh, instantly suppressed, resumed the task of shaking and folding her handkerchief, replaced it on her head, and adroitly catching the ends in her teeth, without letting go her sprig of pear-blossom, she picked up her stick and turned away, glancing out of the corners of her eyes as she did so.

Then Peter had an inspiration. He called aloud, "Are you Luisa?"

She turned with a leisurely, nonchalant grace, and answered, but without looking at him, "There are so many Luisas; long Seppel's Luisa, and the miller's Luisa, and Anton the shoemaker's Luisa, and many more. How do I know which Luisa you want?"

Peter laughed: "I want Anna More-ro's Luisa."

"Well, what do you want of her?" answered the girl, with a carelessness which would have been wounding but for the mysterious smile in her eyes.

"I am your cousin, Peter Morero," said Peter.

"My brother's cousin, not mine," returned the girl promptly. "Where are you going?" she added.

"To Klobenstein, plenty of cows, a good place. I shall be there until November. If the landlord wants a cow-girl, will you come? You would be better paid there than here."

"Who knows?" replied the girl with a sweet indifference, as she turned more decidedly away and began to follow her retreating cows. She had not said good-bye; it was apparently not her habit. Peter, left standing in the road, scarcely knew what he did as he called aloud, "Luisa!"

"Well!" said Luisa, glancing over her shoulder as she retreated slowly.

"Will you have this?" and taking the carnation from his hat, he threw it up to her. Now she turned, came back and picked it up, still with the same enchanting, piquant nonchalance. "Pretty!" she said, as she turned it over in her hand, but she did not thank him. She pushed back her handkerchief, placed the carnation over her right ear, adjusted her handkerchief again and prepared to go her way.

"Luisa!"

"Well!"

"Will you give me that flower you have in your mouth?"

Luisa's only answer was to tighten her lips upon the sprig of pear-blossom, and to pull her handkerchief further over her head.



"Luisa!"

Luisa laid hold of the cow nearest her, and began to rub its horns with her apron.

"Luisa!"

There was no reply. Luisa was still busy with the cow's horn.

"Luisa, will you give me that flower for my hat?"

A shake of the head was the only answer, and after waiting a little Peter went his way.

He had been walking some ten minutes when he stopped as if an invisible hand had been laid upon him, stood a moment absorbed in thought, shook himself and walked on a few steps, then halted again, and unslung the pack he carried on his back, which was composed of a rough *pastrano* or cloak, and the coarse fustian bag which held his personal property. When the bag lay before him on the road, he stooped to open it, and then suddenly hesitated; once more he stood still, looking with unseeing eyes at the distant landscape, and turning over a problem in his mind. These vacillating movements represented a struggle with the temptation of improvidence, a temptation which now assailed him for the first time. He had in his bag an enormous, rosy-cheeked, shining apple, an apple as round and perfect as if it had been made of wax, and this treasure was intended for his new master's little daughter. He had expatiated upon its beauty when he promised it to her, and therefore must buy another in Bozen if he now gave it away. The one in question (which had been given to him) was expensive, he knew; and to pay money for fruit had always seemed to him the wildest extravagance. But even while combating these scruples he had taken the apple from his bag, and was polishing it on his sleeve and holding it up to the light, the better to admire its exquisite color and smooth perfection. Suddenly he slung his pack on his shoulders again, picked up his staff, and began to climb the hill with feverish energy. He had feared that Luisa would be gone, but she was still in the field with her cows. The green edge of

the field made a long, grassy, horizontal line against the sky, and her slow walk, as she followed her cows along this line, had a certain rhythmic beauty in it. "Luisa!"

She turned her head, stopped, and stood looking down upon him.

"Luisa, look!" And he held up the apple. "Catch!" and he threw it. She caught it dexterously, laughed, threw it in the air, caught it again, and put it in her pocket with a smile. When the smile had left her lips, she still stood looking down upon him with smiling eyes, but she did not speak; perhaps because the sprig of pear-blossom which she held between her teeth rendered speech impossible, perhaps because a natural indolence predisposed her to silence. Meanwhile, Peter, standing on the stony road, wished for the pear-blossom, but dared not ask again for it; wished to begin a conversation but knew not how; and so after two or three uneasy minutes bade the girl farewell and resumed his journey.

But after walking fast for twenty minutes or more he halted at a certain turn in the winding path, and gazed upward. He was far below Luisa now, too far for speech, but he could see her distinctly, as she sat on the edge of the field with the apple in her hand. She had removed her handkerchief, and her beautiful dark head and charming face stood out in strong relief against the sky. Peter looked long at her, but he did not possess powers of divination, and the three weird sisters, who stood behind her and with grim, impassive countenances twisted his skein of life, were invisible to him. He only saw girlish grace and youthful bloom glowing against vast depths of infinite azure; and yet it was with a deep sigh that he at last went his way.

Meanwhile Luisa tossed the sprig of pear-blossom, unasked, to a passing swineherd, and turning the pink apple in her hand with a laugh, set her strong white teeth deep in it.

## II.

Peter found his place at Klobenstein satisfactory, and the work quite within



his powers; but he was not happy. Remembering was no longer the never-failing source of delight which it had been hitherto. He lingered little now in the cow-stall, but spent all his spare time either sitting or lying on the hill outside, and gazing across the valley to the mountains beyond, where on fine days he could see Cavalese like a small white spot in the blue distance. In former years memory would have peopled the rocks and hills, the vast pine forests which clad the mountain-side, and also the vineyards low down in the valley, with dancing nymphs and satyrs, with fairy kings and queens; but now he only saw a dark-haired girl driving her cows, or standing still and looking at him with the mysterious smile in the corners of her long brown eyes.

He saw her again at night, in the troubled dreams which had taken the place of his former quiet slumber. What leagues and leagues he walked in those dreams behind Luisa and her cows! Always within call, yet never within reach; forever moving on before him through vast stretches of green fields, yet always eluding nearer approach, until he would groan aloud for very weariness, and turn on his hard pallet and dream again, more painfully than before, for now he made his way through interminable pine forests, following Luisa as she flitted in and out among the red tree boles, playing an endless game of hide-and-seek; forever following, but never finding, for though now and again the bright face seemed near, in an instant the vision had dissolved into the wavering lights and shadows of the forests. Then with a sigh Peter would awake and toss, and turn and dream once more, the dream which always came just before the dawn. It never changed. In this dream he was with Luisa on the upper Alp, above the forest line, with the short, perfumed grass underfoot and the limitless sky overhead. No one was near, nor was there any sound, but of the cows cropping the soft grass and the summer wind whispering by. There was the round, flat stone, deep in heather and fern, where she had

spread their simple meal; but always, just as she raised her hand to beckon him to a seat by her side, the dream broke, and he had to rise, weary and aching, and go about his daily task.

Now, too, apart from dreams by day and night, certain grave anxieties perplexed him. He wondered perpetually and uneasily whether Luisa were well-placed, well-housed, well-fed, above all, whether she were well guarded. She was so pretty, and men, especially boys, were such rascals; if he could only have her under his own eye! And the fat landlord seemed an angel in disguise when he one day bade him seek for a cow-girl, offering at the same time wages which were far beyond anything paid on the other side of the Adige.

### III.

The journey back to Cavalese, to fetch Luisa and her belongings to Klobenstein, seemed like the fulfilment of years of longing. And yet it was but six weeks since he first set eyes upon her, when he once more left the village in the early morning with Luisa's bag strapped upon his back, and Luisa herself moving lightly on beside him.

The June morning smiled as never morning had smiled before in Peter's life, and yet before the day was over a vague uneasiness had taken possession of his soul. It was not Luisa's fault, of course, but all the way down the mountain she had not spoken a word to him, and she had laughed and joked with every man they met. And then, when they reached Atzwang and prepared to climb the precipitous hill, she had sprung on like a young deer, only now and then glancing back and asking the way, but never halting for an instant, and only replying in monosyllables when addressed. But ever and anon her eyes smiled upon him, and Peter would take heart of grace and trudge on patiently.

They reached Klobenstein before night-fall, and after *Ave Maria* sat down, together with a dozen other peasants, at the round table upon which smoked the evening meal in a huge platter. Each peasant was provided

with a long iron spoon to dip in the dish. Luisa was quite at her ease; but though she had been put by her mother under Peter's care, she would not sit next him, but slipped into a place on the opposite side of the table. All these trifling acts distressed and puzzled him; but he had voluntarily sought the office of guardian, an office not a sinecure at any time, and, as he was soon to discover, fraught with indescribable misery to a man in love. That mortal malady was upon him, but he did not recognize its symptoms. When he rose the next day, an hour before the early summer dawn, in order to do the heavier part of Luisa's work before she should come over to the stall; when, later in the day, the sun was hot on the fields, and he bade her sit still, while he ran about collecting the cows for the return to the stall—these acts would have enlightened many men as to their own feelings, but Peter was naturally unselfish, and really believed that he only wished to save the girl trouble. Luisa was apparently devoted to her work (it was not her fault if Peter did most of it), quiet, taciturn even, and with a tranquil indifference and indulgence in her movements which was the reverse of flaunting; and yet she had not been twenty-four hours in the village before every marriageable peasant was aware of her presence, and more or less agitated by it. Although the nature of their avocations threw Peter and Luisa constantly together they were never alone. There was always a third and often more, for nearly every young peasant in or near the village managed to pass the cow-stall once or twice a day; and when the cows were led forth to the upper fields for their daily airing, youths seemed to crop up like mushrooms, even in the most solitary places, youths at whom Luisa would glance half shyly and half mockingly as she went by, and who ever after haunted her footsteps. Peter began to know the beating heart, the throbbing pulses, the ceaseless unrest, which is the portion of those who love in vain. In truth, his passion for the girl raged in his veins like a devastating fever. He

was transported by jealousy too, and this led him to commit many follies. He followed and watched Luisa perpetually, and for his reward had the pain of seeing young Lieutenant von Stendorst hold his gold watch to her ear that she might hear it tick, and Prince Giovanelli's dignified white-haired valet try his respectable cap with its gold band on her pretty head, while he submitted to be laughed at by her as she tied her own kerchief under his chin.

After such scenes Peter would heap reproofs, reproaches, and warnings upon Luisa; and then, when she, with undisturbed calm, had let fall a few large, bright tears, his heart would melt within him, and he would go to the shop and buy her a present. It was in this way that, in the course of a few weeks, he bought her a fine white cotton handkerchief with a border of pink roses for her neck, a Sunday gown of black woollen stuff, and a blue silk apron. Each gift meant repentance on his part, and forgiveness on Luisa's. Peter always felt like worshipping her when she forgave him and accepted his gifts; and then, she was always so calm; she never answered him angrily. But if she did not show temper, she still did as she pleased, and the tale of her admirers increased daily, while Peter's jealousy grew in proportion. When, after scolding her because of the attentions of the miller's Johann in the evening, he found long Seppel, from the upper Alp, at the cow-stall the very next morning, he might have seen that it was best for him to let the girl alone. But love laughs at logic, we are told, and Peter's way out of the difficulty was to ask her to marry him. He had not intended to do so, and did not know how he did it; the demand escaped from him unawares, and then he trembled at his own temerity. Luisa said nothing at first, but went on with her milking; then, when pressed for an answer, she murmured her usual, "Who knows?"

"At any rate, she did not say 'no,'" murmured foolish Peter, and thereupon he felt himself betrothed. "Now I shall be easy in my mind," he thought. But

ease was not to be his portion. A ray of sunlight is not more quiet or more elusive than was Luisa; and poor Peter, whose love for her racked him like a torturing pain, was worn away between uneasy dreams by night and fruitless surveillance by day, till he grew ill, feverish, and irritable.

One Sunday morning he rose before the dawn in order to clean the stall betimes, thus leaving Luisa free to dress herself for the procession which was to take place after ten o'clock mass. When, at five o'clock, the girl came over, he thought she looked pale and tired, and that she replied even more absently than usual. He therefore offered to take her work upon himself, and though he was very tired when he at length went to mass, he was rewarded for his fatigue by the sight of Luisa walking in the procession, and clad in the gown, apron, and kerchief that he had given her. She had never looked so lovely nor regarded him so kindly, and he enjoyed that morning a few moments of real happiness. In the afternoon, knowing her to have gone to a neighboring village with the landlady's sister, a middle-aged and serious married woman, he permitted himself a quiet rest on the straw in the cow-stall. He had been sleeping for two hours or more when he dreamed that he was stroking Luisa's hair, a privilege never yet accorded to him. How soft it was, and how she was laughing! No—he was stroking the kitten, and it was a man's laugh which had wakened him. He sat up on the straw and listened; another loud laugh rang upon his ear; then a voice said: "Old fool! She'll lead him a pretty dance." It was the voice of the miller's Johann, and he heard Rudolf Stejn, one of the guides, make some reply. Then Johann went on: "A cunning fox! She was dancing all night at Wolfsgruben, when the old fool thought she was asleep." Peter wondered vaguely of whom they were talking, but he did not care much; and then the voices reached him again in fragmentary utterances. "Been to Badseis with him this afternoon—sitting under the tree behind the stall

now, billing and cooing." "Lucky fellow! I wish it may be my turn next," answered Rudolf with a laugh.

Then the steps and voices retreated, leaving Peter a prey to strange palpitations and conjectures. Who was sitting under the tree behind the stall now? Only one window looked out upon that tree, and that window was merely a pane of glass, high up in the loft. If he climbed up, he could see. Pshaw! What did it matter to him? Then suddenly he heard a kiss, and then a little rippling laugh he knew well, and then more kisses; and then, he knew not how, he had climbed the wall and was looking out. There under the tree sat Luisa, with long Seppel's arm round her waist, and her hand in his. Some sound must have disturbed them, for they sprang apart with the adroitness of long habit, Seppel going negligently up the hill, and Luisa picking up her milking-pail. When Peter dropped panting and gasping to the ground, she was standing quietly beside him in all her Sunday bravery.

The passions that make tragedy possessed poor Peter then; and the only excuse for what he did is to be found in the fact that he was in such a whirlwind of emotion that he lost consciousness of his own existence. It was a madman who now rushed upon the girl and struck her, and then in an instant was on the ground at her feet clasping her knees and praying her to "Forgive—forgive!"

Luisa, at the first blow, had thrown down her milking-pail and screamed aloud; scream followed scream until the peasants came rushing in, and after them the landlord and landlady, in high indignation "at such a scandal, and the bells ringing for the *Ave Maria*, and the *Herrschaften* going by to church!"

Peter seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and contempt as the sobbing Luisa was led off by the landlady, and he himself hustled and kicked out of the stall. At nine o'clock he crept out of the hayloft, in which he had taken refuge, heart-broken, contrite, and quite calm. He went first to the stall, but it was shut and locked,

and he knew that he should never tend Herr Mair's cows again. Then he crossed the green and looked in at the window of the inn. Luisa was sitting at the round table with the other peasants; her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks reddened with crying; but she looked lovelier than ever, and his soul melted within him as he gazed. He did not dare to approach her; and when, after receiving, together with his dismissal, a torrent of reprimand and abuse from the landlord, he again looked in at the window, she had vanished.

In the grey dawn of the next morning, impoverished in purse and injured in reputation, Peter left Klobenstein to seek his fortune elsewhere. Luisa had refused to see him, although he had, through the landlady, implored her forgiveness with bitter tears, and had again and again acknowledged that she was too young for him. His tears and entreaties were vain, however, and he went his lonely way with bitterness in his soul. Disappointment, remorse, regret, lashed him on like whips; and under their stinging impulse he fled down the mountain, and reached Bozen at nine o'clock. Once there, a new thought revived hope and lent him wings; the thought that Anna Morero would perhaps not allow her daughter to keep her place now that he was no longer cowherd.

He had left Klobenstein at four in the morning, and by a miracle of walking, difficult and dangerous in the hot sun, he reached Cavalese at three in the afternoon. Anna was knitting at the door of the cottage, and received him with much surprise. She knew nothing of what had happened, nor did Peter tell her of the blows which tortured his own soul in remembrance. When she heard that he had left his place, however, she had nothing but blame for him, and laughed to scorn the idea of removing her daughter. She also ridiculed his attachment to Luisa without mercy. When Peter rose to go, she did indeed offer him food and drink; but she forgot to ask him to step inside the doorway of his own house, and he

was too agitated to notice the omission.

"You've been an old fool, Peter, and that's the truth," was her farewell, and in the depths of his soul the poor fellow knew that she was right. Then the hammers began to beat in his head again, and the thought that now Luisa could be with long Seppel as much as she pleased drove him on. In the blazing noontide sun he had climbed the mountain; in the face of the declining sun he again descended it. Descended! that is hardly the word for the way in which the raging, panting maniac dashed headlong down, bruising himself against rocks and trees but never pausing in his mad flight. Dusk had fallen when he reached Bozen, and a hot, breathless stillness was in the air. Save for the fever in his blood Peter would have dropped exhausted; but he looked at the heights which rose beyond him, and the thought of Luisa with long Seppel lashed him like a whip. He was crossing the railway-track now, and a loud roaring was in his ears, but he had heard it all day; shouts, too, he heard, but they only confused him. He hastened on, hearing more shouts; then suddenly came a crash and a grinding pain, which however was but momentary, and then he found himself lying on his back, and looking up at the stars with a great calm upon him. He was vaguely conscious of being surrounded by kindly, compassionate faces, and of hearing voices no longer speaking in tones of reproach; but he fainted as he was being carried to the hospital, and was put under the influence of chloroform while his legs were being amputated; and it is doubtful if he were ever really clear in his mind after that.

On the fourth day after his accident gangrene set in, and on the fifth he died. At nine in the morning he had received the last sacraments, and as the priest stood beside his bed, a ray of sunshine shone on the crucifix he held, and Peter had a momentary gleam of consciousness. "Am I so ill as that?" he cried, then relapsed into unconsciousness and a silence never after-

ward broken. At a quarter to eleven he began to breathe loudly and irregularly with frequent halts. The priest had gone; only the sisters were in the crowded ward. The heat was intense, and through the open windows the dust entered in clouds. The buzzing of innumerable flies, the vibration of the window-panes caused by the continual passing of heavy drays, the shriek and whistle of the locomotive, as trains entered and left the railway station, made a confusion of coarse sounds which so filled the air that it was difficult to hear that long-drawn, laboring breath. At twenty minutes past eleven it ceased altogether, and the curtains were drawn about the bed where Number Eighty-one had breathed his last. No one had known his name.

While Peter was dying, Luisa was sitting in the pine wood which bordered the upper field, where her cows were grazing. The heat in the field was intense, but she sat in deep shade, dabbling her feet in a pool of water, and holding up in a slanting ray of sunlight a string of yellow beads which long Seppel had just given her. Long Seppel himself was lying at full length on the bank beside her, and, propped up on his elbows, was playing a tune on the mouth-organ, that instrument so dear to the Tyrolese peasant.

"Pretty!" said Luisa, as she looked at the transparent yellow beads.

"Do you love me, Luisa? Will you marry me?" said long Seppel abruptly, ceasing to play.

"Who knows?" said Luisa glancing sideways at him out of her long eyes. But she leaned her round cheek towards him as she said it, and Seppel kissed her, and knew.

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From *The New Review*.

THE ASSASSINATION OF NASIRU'D-DIN SHAH.

It is hard at times to resist the belief that for certain families certain dates, days, or months possess a strange fatality. For the Kájár Dynasty,

which has exercised undisputed sway over Persia for more than a century, and of which Násiru'd-Dín Shah was the fourth in succession, the Muhammadan month of *Zu'l-Kar'da* seems thus fateful. On the twenty-first of that month, in the year of the Flight 1211 (18th May, 1797), Aká Muhammad Khán, first of the dynasty, fell by an assassin's hand. On the twenty-second of that month, A.H.1264 (20th October, 1848), Násiru'd-Dín was crowned king. And now, on the eighteenth of the same month (which, by the retrogression of the Muhammadan lunar year, has again returned to May) comes the news that he, too, has fallen by the hand of an assassin, when already throughout Persia, and in every Persian colony, the preparations for the celebration of his Jubilee were almost complete. The assassin, Mírzá Muhammad Rizá of Kirmán, was taken red-handed, ere he had time to accomplish his avowed intention of turning his weapon against himself. An evil thing for him that he failed! He has made admissions, we are told, implicating others; but as to the means whereby these admissions were extorted we hear nothing, nor is it a question on which the mind cares to dwell.

Meanwhile, speculation is rife as to the motives which prompted the murder. Were they religious, personal, or political? Does the assassin stand alone, or is he one of an organized party? If so, what are the aspirations and designs of that party, who are they, and what is their numerical strength? The question is of importance, if we would forecast the future; for the existence of a revolutionary association, and of the discontent which this implies, would evidently be a serious menace to the tranquillity of the new king's reign.

It was stated in the first telegrams that the assassin was supposed to belong to the Bábí sect. What the grounds for this assumption may have been, if, indeed, there were any grounds, does not appear. Presumably it was thought that because in the year 1852 three Bábís did actually make an



attempt on the late shah's life, as he rode forth to the chase one August day from his palace of Niyávarán, therefore, on the principle that "history repeats itself," any similar attempt must proceed from the same source. This shallow and superficial view, based on analogies altogether false, could hardly have commended itself to any thoughtful person who was at all conversant with the present attitude and position of the Bábis, and would (now that positive evidence of its falsity is forthcoming), be scarcely worth refuting, but for the suffering it may entail on innocent persons.

Even now, notwithstanding all that has been written about the Bábis, so much misconception exists, that one evening paper of reputation described them as "a secret criminal association," and another asserted that they had on four occasions attempted the shah's life. They are, then, essentially a religious, not a political, sect. They take their name from the title "Báb" (Gate) assumed by their Founder, Mírzá 'Alí Muhammad of Shíráz, who suffered martyrdom at Tabriz on 8th July, 1850, in his thirtieth year. Him they venerate as a prophet and more than a prophet, the bringer of a revelation and a law which abrogate the Kur'án and the Law of Islam. They are not, therefore, so much Muhammadan schismatics as the adherents of a new faith designed to replace Islam altogether. They stand in the same relation to the Muhammadans as the Christians do to the Jews; and if they preserve such rites as circumcision, the Meccan pilgrimage, and the fast of Ramazán, it is rather from expediency or habit than from any belief in their efficacy. On more important questions, too, such as the future of the human soul, rewards and punishments after death, and the like, they hold views widely divergent from those of the Mussulmans. Their religious literature, partly in Persian, partly in Arabic, is extremely voluminous. Their doctrines, though sufficiently characteristic, are not in all points fully formulated. That which they all

possess in common is an entire devotion to their spiritual chiefs, an ardent zeal for the spread of their faith, a strange contempt of death, and, as a rule, a high degree of morality and intelligence. The sect, though open to all, consists almost entirely of Persians, and is represented in Turkey, Russia, India, Syria, Cyprus, and Egypt, though its main strength is naturally in Persia, where the number of its adherents has been estimated by a recent authority at from half a million to a million.

"But," it may be asked, "what is there in all this against the assumption that these Bábis are responsible for the shah's death? He killed their prophet, he slew them by hundreds, he laid waste their homes, he drove them into exile. You say that they are essentially a religious sect, but the annals of most religious sects in the East are defaced by histories of assassinations; nay, for the very word "Assassin" are we not indebted to a sect of Persian origin and "essentially religious" character? Above all, have not the Bábis once already attempted the life of Násiru'd-Dín Shah?"

All this is perfectly true, but circumstances have changed. The attempt of 1852 was an explosion of despair, provoked by several successive years of unrelenting and ruthless persecution, culminating in the execution, with circumstances of great barbarity, of the founder of the new faith. Even that attempt was, and ever has been, strongly condemned by the responsible leaders of the movement. These leaders, men of great ability, whose influence over their followers is unbounded, have steadily and systematically exhorted their adherents to patience, meekness, and submission, even under the severest provocation, and have entirely declined to associate themselves with the various disaffected persons and parties who have from time to time sought to gain their alliance. Since the year 1852 the sect has been perfectly quiet, and has consistently pursued a policy of conciliation towards the Persian government. What they desired was toleration and recognition,



and these they hoped to gain by proving that they were honest and law-abiding citizens, asking no more than liberty to hold their faith. Still more stress must be laid on the total absence of motive for such an act at the present time. For many years the Bábís have only been subjected to occasional persecutions, which have in all cases been due either to the fanaticism of the orthodox Shi'ite doctors, or to the enmity or greed of individual governors, or to these two causes combined. For most of them, not the late shah, but his eldest son, the Zillu's-Sultán, was responsible. Indeed, the shah himself seems latterly to have recognized that the Bábís were guiltless of seditious designs, and even on some occasions to have interfered in their favor, as in the case of the persecution of Naja-fábád, near Isfahán, in the spring of 1890.

From the shah's death, then, the Bábís had nothing to hope and very much to fear. For, in the first place, suspicion might fall, as it has fallen, on them, and cause a fresh outbreak of persecution, besides discrediting them in the eyes of the world, imperilling the security of their settlements in Turkey and elsewhere, and undoing all the good effected by the policy of peace and patience which they have for so long adopted. And, in the second place, they knew that the shah's death must be followed by the accession of his second son, Muzaffaru'd-Dín, hitherto known as the "Válf'ahd," or crown prince; or by the accession of his eldest son, the "Zillu's-Sultán," who was at one time supposed to have designs on the throne; or by a period of war and anarchy. Of these three contingencies each is, from the Bábí point of view, fraught with danger, especially the two last. Little is yet known of the character of Muzaffaru'd-Dín, but, though personally liked by all who have come in contact with him, he is believed to be under the influence of the Mullás, or Shi'ite clergy, who are the fiercest foes of heretics in general and of the Bábís in particular. As for the Zillu's-Sultán, no one has used the

Bábís worse; and, so far as the writer can recollect, every recent persecution to which they have been subjected has taken place in the districts of which he is governor. Lastly, should a period of anarchy supervene, all the smaller religious communities, Jews, Christians, Zoroastrians, and Bábís—especially the last—would be certain to suffer at the hands of the rabble which exists in every large Persian town, and which is only too prone to make religious zeal a cloak for all manner of excesses. Even assuming, then, that the Bábís would not shrink from assassination if it served their ends, is it to be supposed that they would deliberately and without irresistible provocation, precipitate an event fraught with peril, and devoid of even the possibility of advantage? These considerations, to my mind, render untenable the hypothesis that the assassin was an emissary of the Bábís, though it is likely enough that attempts may be made, especially by the "Mullás," to fix the crime upon them.

We come next to the question: Was the assassin's motive wholly personal and private? Was it the desire to revenge some real or fancied wrong suffered at the hands of the shah or his government which prompted the deed? Personal motives may have existed; nay, did exist, if it be true, as stated in later telegrams, that Mírzá Rizá had been imprisoned on account of his attacks on the Persian government; yet they can hardly be regarded as in themselves adequate, especially as the assassin had, subsequently to his release, been assigned a pension by the shah. The murderers of Aká Muhammad Khán, the first Kájár king, were indeed actuated by personal motives; but then they, being already under sentence of death, could hardly make their case worse, and thought, perhaps, that there was some truth in the Persian proverb, "Marg-i-anbúh jashnfi dárád" (The death of a company has something of festivity). Assuming the sanity of the assassin, where is the motive sufficiently strong to make him face the certainty of death and the

probability of torture, for the sake of gratifying his revenge?

If the above reasoning be sound, we are driven back to the third hypothesis, that, namely, of a more or less widespread political discontent, finding its expression in this deed of violence. Now, for some time—certainly since the year 1889 or 1890—there have not been wanting signs that such discontent existed pretty widely amongst the Persian people. How far back beyond that time its growth can be traced, only residents in the country familiar with the feelings of the people can say. Its external manifestation, so far as I know, began with the publication of a newspaper called the *Kámân* (*Law*), which, printed in London, was widely circulated in the shah's domains. The first issue was dated 20th February, 1890, and it continued to appear monthly for some considerable time. The later numbers differ in some respects from the earlier, in that they bear neither date, printer's name, nor European title. Under the Persian title stood three words, signifying "Union, Justice, Progress." Needless to say that it contained no mention of the editors' names, and no signed articles or letters.

This newspaper at first directed its attacks chiefly against the shah's prime minister, the "Amfnu's-Sultán," whom it commonly alluded to as "the mule-teen's son." Of the shah himself it spoke during the first period of its existence in terms of praise, as of one sincerely desirous for the welfare of his subjects, and especially for the establishment of a fixed and equitable code of law. As for its complaints, they were manifold. "The control of all State affairs in the hands of ignorant and low-born men; national rights bartered away to please dragomans of legations; our army the laughing-stock of the world; our princes deserving of the pity of beggars; our divines and doctors driven to seek justice from unbelievers; our cities sinks of filth; our roads not fit for cattle." In brief, the Persians were reminded of their ancient greatness, and invited to prove

themselves men by insisting on redress.

Attempts were naturally made by the shah's government to stop the circulation of this paper in Persia, and a number of persons in whose possession it was found, or who were suspected of corresponding with its editors, were arrested and imprisoned. Probably in consequence of this the tone of the paper grew more violent, and it began to speak of the shah himself, first with contempt, as a king only in name, entirely subject to the influence of the prime minister, and latterly with declared hostility, as a determined enemy to the national welfare, and a foe to liberty, progress, and constitutional government. The later numbers, too, exchanged in great measure the character of the newspaper for that of political tracts, and the fiction of correspondence and discussion was suffered to drop.

In the same year, 1890, the Tobacco Concession granted to an English company caused widespread discontent amongst the Persian people. This discontent was natural and excusable. The poorer classes have few luxuries, except tobacco. They saw this one luxury taxed and restricted, and a host of small retail tobaccoists ruined, to enrich foreigners, and to put fifteen thousand pounds a year, and a quarter of the company's profits, in the pockets of the shah and some of his advisers. Even the usually docile Persian press, as soon as the provisions of the Concession were made known to it, spoke out with extraordinary boldness. The *Akhtar* (*Star*), published weekly at Constantinople, in its issue of 11th November, 1890, quoted from the Turkish *Sabah* (*Morning*) the terms of the agreement, on which it animadverted strongly. In consequence of this it was suspended for a while, because it had ventured to give expression to the discontent which was smouldering in the hearts of the Persian people.

The boldness of the *Akhtar* was sufficient to suggest to any attentive observer that the discontent aroused by this unfortunate Concession was much

greater and more serious than was generally supposed. Two great mistakes are commonly made by Englishmen in their estimate of the factors involved in any problem of Persian politics. They regard the priests and the people as a negligible quantity, conceiving that the good-will of the autocratic monarch and his chosen ministers is all that is necessary for the success of their schemes; and they are apt to think (if they think about it at all) that whatever is good for English commerce is good for Persian happiness.

Now, the endurance of the Persian people, patient, long-suffering, and indifferent to politics (as we understand the word) though they be, has its limits, and those limits do not always lie exactly where European statesmen and men of business expect. They have no opportunity of ventilating their grievances, but, brooding over them in silence, are apt at long intervals to surprise the world by the sudden vigor of their action. Patriotic feeling, in our sense of the term, they do not perhaps possess, save in a rudimentary form; but they have strong religious emotions of the "other-worldly," Celtic type (widely different from the rather utilitarian and common-sense English kind), with which they combine a certain silent pride in their own nationality, and a latent, but easily roused, distrust and dislike of foreigners.

The "Mullás," or clergy (to use this term for want of a better), whatever their faults, are a truly national class. Sprung, as a rule, from the people, they understand them thoroughly, and exercise over them an enormous influence. Interest, as a rule, ranges them on the side of the government, but woe betide that shah who has the misfortune to array them against himself! Now, in this matter of the Tobacco Concession, the "Mullás" were at one with the people. Other concessions were in the air, concessions to the English in the south and south-west, and to the Russians in the north and north-west, concessions for railways, tramways, mines, lotteries, and the like. The Persian people, burdened with taxes, unhelped, and

unregarded, were weary of these concessions, which they regarded as detrimental to their interests; while the "Mullás" watched with jealous eyes the increasing influence of foreign infidels. The smouldering fire of discontent was cunningly fanned, especially by one man of remarkable ability and restless ambition. As a result, forces hitherto inchoate and undirected were blended and co-ordinated; the shah had to give way before them; the Tobacco Concession was revoked, and the company indemnified at the expense of Persia. Russia's proposal to lend the Persians the money required for this indemnification was the subject of some fine diplomacy, and of much talk in the press about the conflict of English and Russian interests in the East, and our commercial supremacy; and then the matter passed out of the public mind. Its real significance lay in the fact that for once the Persian people had exerted its will, and had got its way in the teeth of the shah and European enterprise.

The man to whom I have alluded above as one of the chief fomenters of the popular discontent, was the man whose name the shah's assassin is reported to have invoked as he fired his fatal shot—Sheykh Jemálu'd-Dín. Within the last few days, since suspicion turned on him, and the Persian government has been endeavoring to obtain his extradition from Constantinople, some account of his past achievements has appeared in the daily papers. Here is more, derived in part from a biography by one of his admirers, prefixed to a tract on refutation of free-thinkers.

His full name is Seyyid Muhammad Jemálu'd-Dín, son of Seyyid Saftar, and he was born in 1838, so that he is now fifty-eight years of age. He calls himself an Afghan of Kanar, near Kábul, but is said to be in reality a Persian of Hamadán. After studying Arabic, law, traditions, Muslim theology, and philosophy in all their branches, astronomy, medicine, and mathematics, he left his country at the age of eighteen, and went to India, where he remained rather more than a year. After per-

forming the pilgrimage to Mecca in 1856, he returned to Afghanistan and entered on a political career, which was brought to a close by the defeat of Muhammad A'zam (whose cause he had espoused) by Shír Ali. Thinking it prudent to retire from the scene, he again (in 1868) set out on his travels, and, after a short sojourn in India, proceeded by way of Egypt to Constantinople, where he succeeded in gaining the favor of 'Alí Páshá, then grand vizier. He was, however, unfortunate enough to incur the enmity of the Sheykhul-Islám, Hasan Fehmí Efendí, in consequence of which he found it advisable to leave Constantinople in March, 1871, for Egypt. There he remained till 1879, when Tewfik Páshá (acting, says the biographer, on the advice of Mr. Vivian, the English consul-general) ordered his expulsion. He therefore returned to India, where he settled at Haidarabad, in the Deccan; but, on the breaking out of 'Arábi Páshá's revolt, he was summoned to Calcutta, and there detained by the Indian government until the conclusion of the Egyptian War in 1883. He now determined to visit Europe, and came first to London, but soon crossed over to Paris, where, in conjunction with Sheykh Muhammad 'Abdo the Egyptian, he began to publish an Arabic newspaper entitled *el-'Urwatu'l-wuthkí* (*Le Lien Indissoluble*). The object of this journal, which was distributed gratuitously in the East, was to stir up Muhammadan feeling against the English, whom the editors attacked in the most violent language. Eighteen numbers in all were published, but the stoppage of its circulation in India eventually caused its collapse, and Sheykh Jemálu'd-Dín, after a sojourn of more than three years in Paris, again set out for the East in February, 1886. He visited Persia, from which in due course he was expelled, as he had been expelled from almost every other country which he had visited. In 1891 he was back in London, holding forth in the press and at drawing-room meetings on what he was pleased to call "the Reign of Terror in Persia," and

attacking the Persian government, and in particular the shah and his prime minister, the Amínu's-Sultán, with the same violence which he had formerly displayed against the English. Since then he has resided chiefly at Constantinople, favored by the sultan, whose fancy is pleased by schemes of a Muhammadan world united under one caliph, but subjected to a supervision of varying stringency. Whether the sultan's favor will continue, and will protect him from the resentment of the Persian government, is a very interesting problem.

Of pleasing manners and commanding personality, eloquent in speech, able, and accomplished, it is to be deeply regretted that Sheykh Jemálu'd-Dín should have exercised his really remarkable talents chiefly for seditious ends. That he actually compassed the death of the late shah we will not venture to assert; nay, it may be that he will deplore the deed of violence wherein the agitation which he promoted has culminated. Agitators possessed by a great ideal do not always remember that they may set in motion forces beyond their control. And Sheykh Jemálu'd-Dín, apart from his personal enmities, has without doubt a great ideal—the desire to unite in one mighty nation all Muhammadan peoples, and to restore the ancient power and glory of Islám. To check European encroachment in the East is a necessary part of this scheme; and any Muhammadan potentate who encourages, or acquiesces in, an extension of Western influence in his domains must be regarded by the promoters of the movement as an enemy to their cause. Thus, the blood of Násiru'd-Dín Shah is the price paid for successive triumphs of English and Russian diplomacy in Persia.

That royal blood which leaves its crimson  
stain  
There in the mosque, beyond the inner  
chain,  
Thou deemest shed by Eastern lust for  
blood:  
Not so! 'twas shed by Western greed for  
gain!

EDWARD G. BROWNE.

From Longman's Magazine.  
LETTERS ON TURKEY.

I.

THE SELAMLIK.

We must all of us during the past year, when every newspaper paragraph from Constantinople was eagerly scanned, have observed such expressions as the sultan received the ambassadors "after the Selamlık," or "H.I.M. the sultan attended the Selamlık as usual." Those who have never had the opportunity of witnessing a Selamlık may be interested in an account of this gorgeous weekly pageant.

We had not been more than a few days at Constantinople, when our ambassador told us that he had received a message from the sultan that he was "bien faché" at not having been informed of my husband's arrival, and that after so gracious a notice we must not fail to attend the next Selamlık—that is, the ceremony of the sultan going in state to the mosque on Fridays, attendance at which is looked on by H.I.M. as a mark of respect.

Friday came, and about eleven o'clock our son, secretary at the British embassy, called for us in a carriage with an embassy kavass on the box. A kavass is a native servant appointed by the sultan to the various embassies and legations. They are paid and clothed by their employers, and are answerable to the sultan for the safety of those on whom they attend. In old days if any accident happened to a member of a legation or embassy, the wretched kavass, whether in fault or not, forfeited his life. Those who have read "Paul Patoff" will remember the terror of the kavass on Alexander Patoff's mysterious disappearance from St. Sophia. There are six kavasses at the British embassy. Their undress uniform is dark blue cloth, thickly braided in black, with a broad gold belt and gold straps over the shoulders. They all carry a sword, and have a revolver in a gold pouch slung from the waist-belt. The dress uniform is a fine shade of crimson, also thickly braided,

and only worn on State occasions when in attendance on the ambassador.

We were all in morning dress, uniform being worn but seldom by the diplomatic corps at Constantinople. Our way was along the new part of the Grande Rue, the only handsome street in Pera, rebuilt after the great fire of 1870, which destroyed the British embassy. Here are all the best shops, the Club House, and the Spanish ministry. A sharp turn to the right led us to the Grand Champ des Morts, still used for burials. This was our first sight of a Turkish cemetery with its turban-crowned tomb-stones, standing at any and every angle from the perpendicular, many even fallen down, and giving one that general impression of neglect conveyed by all Turkish cemeteries. The redeeming points are the huge cypresses planted by hundreds in every cemetery, large and small, and of a size quite unknown in England. They form a striking feature in every distant view of the city, as they surround each mosque, their dark foliage forming a strong contrast to the glittering white minarets. On the hills, as at Scutari and the Grand Champ des Morts, they stand out like black pillars against the bright blue sky. The Turkish women are fond of spending whole days, sitting on their carpets in the cemeteries, not from any deep affection for the dead, for the Turk cares little for the body when once buried—the soul, the true being they loved, is safe in Paradise, though only from the moment that the body is laid in the ground. For this reason the funerals take place as soon as possible after death, and if you meet a Turkish funeral, the procession is hurrying along in what appears to us the most indecorous haste, so that the soul may the more quickly attain to its final bliss. A devout Turk, passing a coffin, will give his aid to the bearers, exhausted by the speed at which they go. This aid, if only given for forty paces, secures the pardon of a heavy crime. The sweet scent of the cypresses is said to prevent any ill effects from prolonged visits to the cemeteries.

Opposite the Grand Champ is the



huge palace of the German embassy with its unrivalled view across the Bosphorus. A steep zigzag road led us down to the fine marble Palace of Dolmabahcheh on the Bosphorus now only used twice a year, at the great Bairaam receptions. Built by Sultan Abdul Medjid, it was a favorite residence of its builder and of the unfortunate Abdul Aziz. It was from this palace that he was carried off, after his dethronement in 1876, first to the Seraglio and then to the Palace of Cheragan, a little further up the Bosphorus, where his life soon came to its untimely end. From this point the road along the whole suburb of Beshiktash was crowded with troops on their way to the Selamlık. At each cross street we passed whole companies standing at ease after a long and dusty march, wiping their accoutrements and dusty boots, their officers in fullest uniform resting outside the many cafés which line the street, smoking and sipping coffee. A sharp turn to the left and inland led to the steep ascent to the Palace of Yildiz, where the sultan always lives and which he now only quits to visit the mosque, a stone's throw from the gates of Yildiz, or when, twice a year, he receives the dignitaries of the kingdom on the occasion of the Bairaam festivals at Dolmabahcheh. The latticed windows of the houses show that all this quarter is Turkish. In the poorer houses, where the women of the family do the work, the whole house is latticed. In the richer houses, where slaves are kept, only the harem is thus guarded, whilst in the selamlık, or men's part, where the women never enter, the windows are free. The active little Arab horses take a steep hill at a gallop, and we had scarcely time to notice the various groups of foot passengers, all pressing up the hill to the same spot: Arabs in their turbans and long shapeless coats; solemn Turks in fez and frock-coat, sometimes leading a little boy whose dress was the ditto of their own; women of the lower classes, with their white headgear; dervishes in their tall brown caps, like Irish hats without a brim; gaily dressed Turkish grooms leading exquisite

horses, splendidly caparisoned, whose masters, equally splendid, awaited them above near the palace; ulemahs, sheikhs, muftis, all bent on a sight of the sultan, whom they reverence not merely as their sovereign, but as the caliph, the successor or vicar of the Prophet.

At last we drew up opposite the mosque, before a low, white building, from the windows of which those introduced by the diplomatic corps can see the ceremony. We passed across a terrace on which stood those who had not secured tickets of admission, and where crowds of pashas and aides-de-camp were waiting till the time came to take their appointed places. After giving our visiting cards at the door of the building, we entered and found we were in good time to secure front places in one of the windows. The scene was already full of life and interest. Exactly opposite across the road rose the small white mosque, standing in the midst of a large gravelled space. To the right, just beyond the road by which we had climbed the hill, were massed two large bodies of cavalry, one mounted on grey, the other on brown horses. They were what we should call lancers, and their red pennons shone in the bright sunlight. In front of them were many hundreds of Turkish women, their heads covered with the large white linen covering which marks the poorer classes, as distinguished from the yashmak, or fine muslin headdress worn by ladies. A corner of this linen is drawn over the mouth. The male spectators in their varied garments stood where they could. And now the first band was heard, and the line regiments one after another marched swiftly up the hill and took up their positions all down the various roads that surround the mosque. Immediately under our windows were two regiments of Zouaves, with green turbans and loose red trousers, and white gaiters. They came down the hill from the direction of the palace, with a fine, swinging, elastic step, preceded by their band. Opposite across the road were the regiment of marines, with their large



sailor collars. In all about eight thousand troops are massed each week round the mosque, a splendid sight in itself, for the Turkish soldiers are well drilled, and well clothed, whilst the officers' uniforms are resplendent with gold lace and generally covered with orders. Men and offices alike wear the fez. A brilliant company of mounted officers had gradually been gathering under our windows, and opposite us were a group of boys in rich uniforms. These were the princes, the sultan's sons, and the boys who are educated with them. Whilst the troops are waiting, the water-carriers pass to and fro among them, and we saw the tin cups eagerly held out and passed by the front rows to those in the back. At this moment some one near us exclaimed: "Here comes his Excellency," and looking out, we saw our ambassador driving up the hill, his carriage preceded by two mounted kavasses in their state crimson uniforms. Presently a number of small carts drawn by donkeys or ponies, and filled with gravel, came past, and the contents were quickly spread over the road in front of us, down which the sultan will pass. This is the last act of preparation, and now every one below us is on the *qui vive*. Servants hurry towards the mosque, carrying small black portmanteaux in which are the epaulettes, orders, etc., of their masters, who have marched or driven up without their decorations, and who will meet the sultan at the mosque without joining the procession. The chief eunuch is pointed out to us, a very tall, stout, elderly negro who, preceded by his servant bearing the portmanteau, descends leisurely towards the mosque. He ranks as third Altesse in the kingdom, taking precedence even of the young khedive of Egypt. Just then a message came that we were to go to the ambassador's kiosk nearer the palace, which we did, and found we had a far better view, looking on one side to the gates of Yildiz, and on the other to the hill which rose behind the cavalry. We had hardly taken our places when some one said: "Here come the ladies of the

harem," and a procession of about six closed carriages, splendidly appointed, descended from Yildiz, and, passing in front of our windows, turned in at the iron gates of the court of the mosque. Here they are drawn up one behind the other, the horses are taken out, and the ladies see what they can from under the half-drawn blinds. Each carriage has its own hideous black attendant. The valideh sultan, the sultan's mother, takes precedence. The present valideh sultan is really Abdul Hamid's nurse, his own mother died when he was born. As the carriages passed us, we could only catch a glimpse of the brilliant pink and blue and yellow brocades worn by the ladies, except that on one occasion a young daughter of the sultan, not yet old enough to be veiled, passed in one of the carriages and looked up at us, with an expression of great curiosity and interest. By this time the court of the mosque was filled by pashas, aides-de-camp, and officials of all sorts in glittering uniforms, only leaving room for the sultan's carriage and those who are in his procession. And now we look up at the minaret, and see that the muezzin has appeared on the gallery, which runs round it high up, for it is some time past twelve, and he only awaits the moment of the sultan leaving his palace to begin his shrill call to prayer. All this time various bands have been playing one after another, entirely European music; but now they pause, and we hear faintly borne on the breeze, for he has turned towards the south, and has the minaret between us and him, the muezzin's first call: "God is great. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God." As the muezzin moves round the cry becomes more audible. Hark! there is a tramp of feet on the fresh-strewn gravel, it is the long line of pashas who head the procession, all in splendid uniforms, covered with orders, marching one behind the other on each side of the road, down the hill from the palace to the entrance of the mosque,

where they draw up in front of those already waiting there. They are followed by some five or six officials, ministers who walk together in the middle of the road. Then we hear the first notes of the "iamideyeh," the sultan's march. His Imperial Majesty has passed the gates of Yildiz, and every neck is turned to catch the first glimpse of his magnificent carriage. Listen to the cheers, taken up by each regiment as he passes, not the ringing cheers of the English, nor the *Rah-rah* of the Swedes, nor the loud *Hoch* of the Germans, nor the quick *Viva* of the Italians, but something like a deep, earnest, prolonged hum, solemn, yet heart-stirring. And now the green enamelled and richly gilded barouche comes in sight, drawn by two glorious black horses covered with gold harness, driven by a man in bright blue and gold livery, on each side the grooms in blue and gold, and every man in sight, naval, military, civil, master, or servant, in the all-pervading, but all-becoming fez! In the carriage sits a small yet stately man, in a simple cloth military overcoat, with no order or decoration of any sort, only his curved sword, and a fez like all the rest; his large hooked nose proclaims his Armenian mother, his piercing eyes are raised to our window as he passes, and one feels he recognizes some of the faces there, but his face is still and immovable, and he salutes no one, though his whole person has a faint swaying motion, so faint that it may only be caused by the movement of the carriage. Opposite his Imperial Majesty sits Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, almost his only intimate friend, whom he trusts implicitly. The carriage is followed by six superb riding horses, pure Arabs, each led by a groom.

Slowly the glittering cortège passes, turns in at the mosque gates, amid the cheers of the surrounding pashas, and draws up at the marble steps to the left of the public entrance. As the sultan steps out of his carriage in his simple dress, the centre of this gorgeous pageant, the muezzin above leans over the gallery of the minaret and utters his

last cry, addressed to the sultan, and only used on this occasion, "Remember there is One greater than thou." And so the sultan passes into the mosque and is lost to sight, and the pashas hurry in at the public entrance to join in the prayers. When the attendance is very large and the small mosque is overcrowded, prayer-carpet are brought out into the court of the mosque, that all may join in the service. Faintly through the open doors we hear the nasal sing-song of the prayers, and we can watch the worshippers outside as they prostrate themselves at the name of Allah, rising and falling in perfect unison.

Now we have time to talk to our friends, and are made acquainted with the French ambassador, the Swedish minister, and others. Black-robed attendants bring in the most excellent tea and carry round cigarettes, and the time of waiting passes pleasantly away. After a while the grand master of ceremonies enters, charged with his imperial master's greetings. To our surprise, he tells us that we are to be received in private audience after the sultan has seen the French and English ambassadors. When the weather is cooler, the troops march past the sultan, who appears after the prayers at the window of a small building which joins on to the mosque, as a vestry does in our churches. But it is too hot to-day, and the troops begin slowly to move away, without music. A cloud of dust to the right shows where the cavalry are passing, and soon the various regiments have dispersed, except those lining the direct road to the palace. As we look out we see that they all turned towards the mosque as soon as the sultan had passed by. In a little over half an hour the prayer-carpet are taken up, and the pashas inside the mosque begin to reappear and crowd the court. Then a low open phaeton with two fine horses, snow white, a present from the emperor of Austria, is led round to the marble steps, and the sultan comes out, whilst the pashas bow to the very ground. He gets in, the hood is pulled up, and his Majesty, driving himself,

starts for the palace at a smart trot, grooms, aides-de-camp and pashas, thin and stout, all running behind. His Imperial Majesty looks now neither to right nor left, and quickly disappears behind the palace gates, and the Selamlık is over.

## II.

## THE PALACE OF YILDIZ.

I have already mentioned that we were to be received in private audience by the sultan after the Selamlık. We were shown through one or two rooms, into a small audience chamber, simply furnished except for the rich carpets, where we found H.I.M., the grand master of ceremonies, the English ambassador, and the first dragoman, who acted as interpreter, for it is not etiquette for the sultan to speak, or even to appear to understand, any language but Turkish, though he is a good French scholar.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception accorded to my husband or more gracious than H.I.M.'s manner to me and our son. Cigarettes were offered, the sultan himself striking and handing on the match. We were all seated on chairs in a circle, the sultan placing me immediately on his right. He had read one of my husband's works in a French translation, and seemed much gratified at our expressions of admiration of what we had already seen of his beautiful capital. On rising to dismiss us, he presented my husband with the Order of the Medjidieh, highest class, and, offering me his arm, led me to the door of the room, a mark of the greatest condescension, and much commented on as such in the papers the next morning.

The sultan had said that we were to see his private museum, library, and garden, and accordingly when we left we found one of the chamberlains and the grand ecuyer<sup>1</sup> waiting to show us those parts of the palace to which no strangers are admitted. I believe we were the first foreigners (except the

famous traveller Vambéry, who is an intimate friend of the sultan) who had ever visited these parts of the palace. Leaving the kiosk where we had been received, immediately behind the room used by the ambassadors at the Selamlık, we walked up the steep hill down which the sultan drives to the mosque, and passing through the principal entrance to Yıldız, we turned to the left. On our right rose the high bare harem walls, higher than any prison walls in England; a closed and carefully guarded doorway admitted us inside these walls. Leaving a beautiful kiosk to our left, and passing through a narrow passage, we came suddenly on a scene of marvellous beauty. Yıldız stands on the summit of the highest hill of the capital, and here before us lay a large lake or artificial river, covered with caliques and boats of all shapes, an electric launch among others. The gardens sloped to the lake on all sides, the lawns as green, the turf as well kept as in the best English gardens. Exquisite shrubs and palms were planted in every direction, whilst the flower borders were a blaze of color. The air was almost heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and gardeners were busy at every turn sprinkling the turf, even the crisp gravel walks, with water. The harem wall, now on our right, rose no longer bare, but covered to the very top with yellow and white Banksia roses, heliotrope, sweet verbena, passion flowers, etc. Thousands of white or silvery-grey pigeons—the Prophet's bird—flew in and out of a huge pigeon-house, built against the walls, half hidden by the creepers, and the whole scene was lighted up by the brilliant Eastern sunlight, in which every object stands out so clearly that one's sense of distance is almost lost. At the end of the lake is a duck decoy, where H.I.M. often amuses himself with shooting, and far beyond this we could catch glimpses of the park sloping away towards the Bosphorus.

Beyond the pigeon-house we entered a building consisting of one long room, filled with treasures. This is the sul-

<sup>1</sup> A most attractive man, now in banishment as an active member of the "Young Turkey" party.

tan's private museum. Here are collected and beautifully arranged all the presents that he has received, as well as innumerable valuable objects that belonged to some of his predecessors. Countless clocks and watches, inlaid armor, objects in jade, caskets, wonderfully bound books, china of all sorts, pictures, miniatures, jewelled ornaments of every kind, all so arranged in their cases that one could examine and enjoy them, a delightful contrast to the confusion in which the treasures of the old Seraglio are heaped together. One upright case contained four dozen of the most perfect deep blue Sèvres plates, a present from the Emperor Napoleon, sunk into velvet, twenty-four on each side of the stand. Each plate was a picked and perfect specimen. The right names were not always attached to the objects, and we found a miniature painting which we recognized as Lord Palmerston marked as the prince consort! We could have spent hours in examining everything, but time was limited, and we were taken on to the private stables, still within the harem walls, holding twelve of the most perfect Arabs, used by the sultan for riding and driving in the park of Yildiz. They were all white or grey. Of course we saw no dogs anywhere—they are held of no repute in the East; but I was told the sultan possesses a peculiarly fine breed of white Angora cats, to which he is devoted, and whose progeny he sometimes gives to friends, but I saw none of them. The only pet we saw was a large cockatoo at the harem gate, who uttered some unknown sounds—I suppose Turkish—as we passed.

On leaving the harem gate, where the chamberlain took leave of us, we found two carriages, which were to take us to the stables. We drove round outside the harem walls, but still inside the boundary wall of Yildiz, through a park full of fine trees, that, but for the distant views of the Bosphorus, recalled many a park at home, till we reached a long stone building, the stables, where all the mares are kept. Black and white grooms in fine liveries stood

about in all directions, and we walked down the middle, admiring the beautiful creatures in their stalls, on both sides, with their sleek coats, their graceful limbs, their soft and intelligent eyes. The grand ecuyer ordered the most beautiful of them—a snow-white mare, with a long, curved tail, exactly like the pictures of Turks and their horses—to be saddled and put through her paces for us. She knew she was being shown off, and acquitted herself admirably, like any stately beauty well aware of her own charms. We then drove on to another large stable filled with horses, all stallions, and most of them as vicious to strangers as they are beautiful. Here were horses of various breeds—among others the two white Austrians, driven by the sultan from the mosque—and some very powerful black Russian horses, which we were warned not to approach. All the arrangements of the stables were of the most modern and improved fashion. Another fine horse was saddled here, and ridden up and down by one of the grooms. Outside this stable were several large buildings, roofed in, but open at the side; these are for sheltering the countless multitudes of poor people whom the sultan feeds at the Bairam festival which ends the long fast of Ramazan; many thousands are entertained each night. We drove back as we had come, and taking leave of the grand ecuyer at the gate of Yildiz, and expressing our delight with all we had seen, we got into our carriages and drove home.

Two nights afterwards, when my husband and son were dining at the palace, the sultan said to my husband, when he expressed his interest in all that had been shown us at Yildiz, "You have not seen my private library, which I particularly wish you to visit." We mentioned this to Sadik Bey, the charming palace aide-de-camp appointed by H.I.M. to attend us everywhere and show us everything during our whole stay, and to whose unfailing friendliness and attention we owe so much of the pleasure of our time at Constantinople. Sadik Bey

at once arranged a visit for the next day.

Again we passed the chief entrance of Yildiz, but turned at once to our right, outside the harem walls, and soon reached a kiosk, of one long and lofty room, the private library of the sultan. Here we found a charming old Turkish librarian, speaking no language but his own, but proud of and devoted to the books under his care. He had six or eight intelligent assistants. We were soon seated at a table, a carefully prepared and very full catalogue before us, and our friend Sadik Bey at hand as interpreter. It was touching to see the genuine anxiety of the old librarian to find any book my husband wished to see, and he was ably seconded by his assistants. They first brought us some exquisite Persian manuscripts, beautifully illuminated and bound; and when we made them understand that my husband would like to see any books in the library from India, they eagerly produced all they had, but they proved to be chiefly modern works on music. After they had brought us some fine manuscripts of the Koran with glosses and commentaries, they asked us to walk about and examine the general contents of the building. The book-cases were of the best construction, with movable shelves, and at one end we found a very good collection of English, French, and German classics. The centre of the room was occupied by glass cases, filled with gorgeously bound, illustrated works, chiefly gifts to the sultan. Whilst my husband, with the aid of Sadik Bey, was talking to the old librarian, the assistants showed my son and me some fine photographs of places in the sultan's dominions and of public buildings in Stamboul.

Nothing could exceed their courtesy and attention and evident wish to make our visit pleasant to us. The sultan had sent word that we were coming, and we heard from the librarian that H.I.M. takes deep interest in all the arrangements of the library, and visits it almost every day, and that he had already ordered that my husband's books,

which he had begged leave to present to the sultan, should occupy a prominent place when they arrived. We left most unwillingly, accompanied to the door by the venerable librarian and all his staff, who took leave of us with the usual graceful Eastern salutation of the deep bow, with the right hand laid first on the heart, then on the head—a sign of devotion which we felt they had fully carried out in their courteous attention during the two hours of our visit.

### III.

#### THE QURBAN BAIRAM RECEPTION.

"Of course you must see the *Qurban Bairam* reception," said Sadik Bey to us. "Your ambassador cannot admit you, but as guests of the sultan it can easily be arranged." Before we left Pera for Therapia, we had for some days constantly passed rams being led about the streets; some of them magnificent animals, with thick white fleeces, others looking poor and thin. These were the victims to be sold for the *Qurban Bairam*, or Feast of Sacrifices, which is a day of rejoicing throughout the whole Mussulman world, and is celebrated on the tenth day of the twelfth lunar month. This fell, when we were in Turkey, on June 24. Every householder must provide one or more rams, according to the size of his household, which he must kill himself directly after the morning prayer. It is afterwards eaten, part being given to the poor. The feast is thought to be in memory of the sacrifice of Isaac.

As the reception is very early in the morning, we had to sleep in Pera. At 8.30 P.M., or sundown, a great gun proclaimed the opening of the feast, and from that moment the noise of bells and guns, shouts and singing, never ceased. We went to bed early, but not to sleep; the guns, and bells, and fireworks went on all night, and the dogs, disturbed from their usual scavenging expeditions, kept up one wild yell. About 2 A.M. the various regiments which were to line the road down which the sultan passes from Yildiz to Dolmabahcheh, began to march past



our hotel, each regiment with its band playing, and, as the streets are not lighted, accompanied by hundreds of men carrying lanterns, looking like glow-worms as they came up the hill past my windows. After breakfast the carriage came, at 5.30, and we drove rapidly along the Grande Rue and down the hill by the German embassy, reaching the palace just at its foot soon after six. It was a glorious morning, already hot, and we found our faithful friend, Sadik Bey, in his grandest uniform and covered with orders, awaiting us. He took us at once to the diplomatic waiting-room, which was rapidly filling, we being the only people present not belonging to an embassy or legation; and we heard afterwards our good fortune had excited the envy of other English visitors to Pera. It was past seven when the second master of ceremonies appeared to summon us, and then began a hurried rush across the garden and up the countless stairs to a long gallery on one side of what is the largest audience hall in the world. We found on crossing the garden that the sultan had already arrived, and we had not seen what is the most beautiful sight of the Balam reception earlier in the year, his riding into the palace on a white horse covered with jewelled trappings, surrounded by all his court officials, superbly mounted. As the sultan slays his ram directly he dismounts on this occasion, no infidel eye may witness the arrival. The ram, a huge animal of the Angora breed, with snow-white fleece, lay dead as we passed at the foot of the steps by which the sultan reaches his own apartments. On arriving at our gallery we found that we were so high above the floor, and the hall of audience so vast, that we could scarcely distinguish the features of those below us. But for a few attendants hurrying about, the hall was empty, except that the throne, a large armchair and footstool in cloth of gold, already stood in its place at the upper end of the hall facing the grand entrance doors. Over these doors was a smaller gallery, where the band was placed, which played beautifully till the

ceremony began. Our gallery, though not much more than half the length of the hall, was large enough for a good ball-room. The ladies sat in front, looking over the balustrade, the gentlemen stood behind, and at the back, beneath the lofty windows, was a buffet, with gold plate laden with every delicacy. Gradually the hall began to fill, and as every one of the rank of a colonel upwards throughout the whole empire has a right to attend the Balam receptions, the crowd of magnificent uniforms was very great. They stood in ranks, one behind the other, forming three sides of a square, leaving the centre of the hall facing the throne free. The Imperial household, headed by the chief eunuch, stood across the hall behind the throne in order of precedence, all in magnificent uniforms, and most of them with orders. The second eunuch—a very tall, thin fellow—stood about the thirteenth, and above two of the sultan's sons-in-law. It would be difficult to imagine a more gorgeous scene than the hall presented when all had entered and were awaiting the sultan's entry. Every variety of uniform, sheiks from the desert in burnous and turban, priests, ulemahs, ministers all alike blazing with orders. I asked Sadik Bey why there was so long a delay, as it was nearly eight o'clock. He told me that the sultan, tired with the early prayers, had gone to sleep, and no one can venture to disturb H.I.M. At length the band ceased, and the small, stately man appeared through a door near the throne, followed by Osman Ghazi only. The sultan wore a plain military frock-coat, a fez, like all the rest of the brilliant throng, with a curved gold-hilted sword—no decoration of any sort. As he entered every one in the hall bowed to the very ground, and remained so till he had taken his seat. Osman Ghazi stood at the right of the sultan's throne, with a gold-embroidered scarf over his right arm, which was kissed by the less august members of the assembly, who had no right to touch the sultan.

As soon as the sultan was seated the court ulemah stepped up on his left and



uttered a low prayer, the whole assembly standing in the prayer attitude, with the hands raised and the palms turned towards the face, as if forming a book. Directly the priest stepped back, the reception began at once in perfect silence; the pashas passing upon the sultan's right, prostrating themselves and kissing the scarf, and then backing away on his left in a crouching attitude, and saluting as they backed by touching the ground, their heart, and their forehead with the right hand. Those who were well accustomed to court life executed this movement with perfect grace, but most of the provincial pashas were exquisitely awkward, and, instead of pausing between each salutation, continued the movement incessantly, and long after they were hidden from the sultan by those following them.

The pashas who were personal friends of the sultan were not allowed to fall at his feet; a very slight movement of the imperial hand showed that they were only to bow low; and old Raouf Pasha, who had lost a leg at Plevna, was not expected to back across the room, but was permitted to pass away at once behind the throne. No one else left the hall. Two incidents excited great attention. The Bulgarian envoy had been treated a few days before with considerable hauteur by the Russian ambassador, on which the sultan had said he should not run the chance of any indignity in the diplomatic gallery at the reception, but should stand below with the royal household; and there he was in plain evening dress, most conspicuous among all the uniforms. The other notable incident was the reception of the ex-khedive, Ismael Pasha, who was known to be in great disgrace owing to some marriage intrigue in which he had been engaged. As the old man approached no sign of recognition was visible on the sultan's countenance, and Ismael was allowed to grovel at the sultan's feet, and back away at the side, without one kind look. At length all had passed by, and taken

their places again in ranks round the hall.

And now the silence was broken for the first time, the grand master of ceremonies, Munir Pasha, stepping into the centre of the hall and announcing in a loud voice, "The Sheik-ul-Islam." Immediately a tall, dignified old man, in a long white robe and turban, with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, approached up the open space in the centre, and as he neared the throne the sultan rose and bowed his head, whilst the Sheik-ul-Islam raised his hands in blessing and uttered a prayer, all the pashas reassuming the attitude of prayer. He then stood aside and the sultan resumed his place, and all the other ulemahs present came forward up the centre and made their obeisance. Their dresses were most brilliant—black, green, purple, and blue satin robes mixed with white—and many of them wore orders.

As soon as the last ulemah had passed, the sultan rose, without any sort of salutation to any one, and whilst all present bowed again to the very ground, passed out of the hall, with only Osman Ghazi in attendance. The hall quickly emptied itself, and we were glad to turn to the inviting buffets, for though it was only nine o'clock, most of us had breakfasted soon after five. On our way from the palace to the landing-place, where the various embassy steam launches were waiting, we passed innumerable cafés full of pashas and officers in full uniform sipping coffee and smoking after the fatigues of the reception. Sadik Bey bade us farewell at the hall, having to attend the audience granted to all the household officials.

"When will that be?" I asked.

"It is impossible to say," he replied. "His Majesty is going to sleep; we cannot say when he will wake."

We were glad to accept the offer of places in the Austrian launch, and, though it was but little past ten o'clock when we reached Therapia, we felt as if we had already had a long and exciting day.

G. MAX MULLER.

From The National Review.  
ARTHUR YOUNG.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

The name of Arthur Young suggests to most readers a discussion of the causes of the French Revolution. The importance of the famous "Travels in France" is in fact sufficiently shown by the frequent references of the most competent writers, both French and English. Mr. Morley, for example, declares that Young's evidence is of more value than all the speculations of Burke and Paine, and Mackintosh—the English protagonists in the great controversy of the time. Young, again, had a great deal to say upon the state of Ireland in his day, besides being a leading authority upon agricultural development in England. No one, however, need fear that this article will lead them into profound economical, or political, or historical discussions. For the present purpose, I have rather to protest against a too probable inference suggested by these topics. Young's connection with them may probably lead those who know only his name to put him down summarily in the great class bore; to assume that he was a ponderous professor of the dismal science or an early example of that most estimable but not always lively species, the highly intelligent politician who travels in vacation time, storing his mind with useful information to be radiated forth in lectures and essays, and excite the admiration of parliamentary constituencies. Young, no doubt, deserves that kind of glory in a high degree. What I wish to do is to call attention to the fact that he was also a human being—or what in our disagreeable modern slang is called a "personality"—of great interest. He was not a walking blue-book, but a highly sensitive, enthusiastic, impulsive, and affectionate man of flesh and blood, whose acquaintance one would have been glad to cultivate. His last biographer congratulates the world upon the fact that he did not, as he was tempted to do, become a clergyman or a soldier. In either capacity his peculiar talents would no doubt have been

comparatively wasted. As a soldier, he would probably have been known only by some ingenious but futile expedition. Had he taken orders he might have rivalled the charm of some of his amiable contemporaries, Gilbert White, of Selborne, for example, and would have been a model clergyman of the good old patriarchal type; but he would hardly have made a mark upon theological speculation. Yet, his actual career, however appropriate to his talent, was such as to draw a certain shade over his personal qualities; and, as unfortunately he was not commemorated at his death in an adequate biography, they have, perhaps, not been sufficiently recognized. That any recognition is possible is due in great part to Miss Betham-Edwards, who prefixed a short memoir to the last edition of his "Travels in France" (1892). Miss Betham-Edwards did her duty excellently; she not only appreciated his qualities but had access to unpublished sources, including diaries and letters of great interest. Unluckily the necessary limits of a preface have prevented her from doing more than drawing a sketch, lifelike as far as it goes, which tantalizes the reader by brief glimpses of possible filling up of details. I depend upon her statements for most of what follows, so far as it is not drawn from his own writings. I hope only to introduce a few more readers to a personal acquaintance whom I have found to be very charming.

Arthur Young was born on 11th September, 1741. He was the son of a respectable prebendary, who was chaplain to Speaker Onslow, and both squire and rector of the parish of Bradfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. His mother, whose maiden name was Coussmaker, was the descendant of a Dutchman who had followed William III. to England. Miss Betham-Edwards suggests that the pleasant rural district in which Young passed his infancy may account for his love of scenery. Something more would be required to explain whence a man, descended from Dutch and East Anglian ancestry, derived the mercurial temperament which we do

not generally associate with either country. Both father and mother, however, were handsome and intelligent, and we do not know enough of the laws of heredity to account for the appearance of this brilliant contrast to the ponderous squires of Suffolk and the three-breeched merchants of Holland. Anyhow, Arthur Young showed his qualities early. He learnt little at his school, Lavenham, partly, he thinks, because he became so much a favorite with his teacher as to be spared the usual discipline. When he was about ten, however, he was already "writing a history of England," and at thirteen learning to dance and falling in love with the beautiful daughter of a village grocer. He was taken from school at an early age and apprenticed to a mercantile firm at King's Lynn. There he again fell in love, his first idol being the black-eyed daughter of a partner in the firm, who was taking music lessons from Burney, then organist of Lynn, and father of the future Mme. d'Arblay. He was already writing pamphlets and getting them published, receiving payment in "books," but apparently learning nothing of his proper business. At any rate, on his father's death in 1759, he left Lynn "without education, profession, pursuits, or employment," and for want of other occupation took a farm belonging to his mother at Bradfield. To improve his prospects, he married at the age of twenty-four (in 1765) a Miss Martha Allen of Lynn, neither the first nor second object of his adorations, which apparently it would not be easy to enumerate. He might, it would seem, have made a better choice. Mrs. Young is said to have been shrewish, and Young certainly regretted his precipitancy. The lady was sister-in-law of Mrs. Stephen Allen, Burney's second wife, and stepmother of Miss Burney who has left some characteristic touches. Young confided to Miss Burney a few years later, either from confidence in her prudence, she says, or from his general "carelessness of consequences," that he was the "most miserable fellow breathing," and that "if he were to begin the world again, no

earthly thing should prevail with him to marry." On the whole, one might expect that a youth, who is bound to an uncongenial wife and proposes to make his living by farming, chiefly because he knows as little of any other employment as he does of agriculture, has made an unpromising start in life. But those who may have made such a prophecy had not taken into account Young's marvellous elasticity. He was one of the men who, if in the depths of depression at one meeting, are sure to be at the height of exhilaration at the next. Nothing could permanently suppress or daunt him. Compensations were sure to turn up. If his wife was occasionally a thorn in his flesh, he was at least a most affectionate father. His own farming operations were as little successful as though his lot had been cast in the worst days of depression; but they entitled him to set up almost at once as an authority upon the theory of agriculture. He made tours and published accounts of his observations. The result of his own experience was, as he puts it, "nothing but ignorance, folly, presumption, and rascality" (the rascality, we hope, in spite of the grammar, was that of his neighbors); but he learned to judge of other people's farms, and his books were of most singular "utility to the general agriculture of the kingdom." He failed at his native place, after a short time, and immediately took a larger farm, and had to pay £100 to another man to take it off his hands, when his successor made a fortune out of it. At a third farm he spent nine years, with the sensation of having been all the time "in the jaws of a wolf."<sup>1</sup> He had, he says, tried three thousand experiments; and must therefore be reckoned wise if we may invert Darwin's criterion that a fool is a man who never tried an experiment. There is, however, such a thing as being wise for others instead of for oneself. Whether Young's general views were sound is more than I know. They were at least stimulating. He

<sup>1</sup> There is some discrepancy between the facts as given by Miss Betham-Edwards and in Young's account in the *Annals of Agriculture*, vol. xv.

was becoming well known to agricultural reformers, and from 1773 to 1776 he travelled in Ireland, where he was, for a short time, agent to Lord Kingsborough's estates in County Cork. Whatever was the result to Lord Kingsborough, Young's experience was embodied in a book upon Ireland second only in value to the French travels. He settled again at Bradfield upon his mother's property, and there, after a time, started a new project. Next to the farming, without experience, one of the most promising roads to ruin that can be suggested is starting a solid periodical. Young accordingly in 1783 set up the *Annals of Agriculture*, which was to be the organ of all benevolent men and good farmers. It certainly succeeded in so far as it attracted notice; and it is worth turning over, not only for Young's own articles, but because it contains contributions from many of the most distinguished men of the time upon important topics. The poor-laws, for example, are discussed by Jeremy Bentham and Sir F. Eden, the author of the leading book upon the subject. Another contributor who conceals himself under the modest name of "Ralph Robinson, farmer at Windsor," is said to have been no less a person than George III. himself.<sup>1</sup> Young, however, has still to complain of his financial results. His circulation only amounts after seven years to three hundred and fifty; and he is still engaged in the familiar employment of flogging a dead horse. The *Annals* only just paid their way; but they spread his fame. His name on the title-page is followed by a list of titles which shows that he had received honors in France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Among his admirers was the philanthropic Duke de Liancourt—the Anglomaniac French nobleman who announced to Louis XVI. that the fall of the Bastille was not a

revolt but a revolution. On Liancourt's invitation, Young made his famous French tours from 1787 to 1790.

The travels are deservedly very famous, but they have hardly been popular in proportion. They owe such popularity as they achieved to the advice of a very sensible friend. The tour in Ireland, said this adviser, had no great success, because it was chiefly a "farming diary." It was filled with elaborate statistics and tables of prices which presupposed a strong appetite for information in the reader. The right plan to gain readers was to put down the notes made at the moment as they occurred to him. The book might lose in solidity, but would gain in vivacity. Young fortunately took this advice, which deserves to be recorded as one of the few known instances of advice by which an author has actually profited. It was, in fact, singularly appropriate, for Young was essentially a man whose first impressions were the most valuable, as well as the most amusing. It is often better to know what a man thought than to know what he afterwards thought that he ought to have thought. "I was totally mistaken in my prediction," as he quaintly remarks in a note to his travels, "and yet, on a revision, I think that I was right in it." That is, the facts which really happened were those which, at the time, were the most unlikely to happen. Few historical facts are more interesting than the motives and expectations which prompted the originators of movements really calculated to produce opposite results. Young, too, was better at observation than at reflection. When he revised his old journals and cut out the personal elements, he was substituting a set of statistical diagrams for a concrete picture; and he filled the vacant space by economic speculations of very inferior merit. Miss Betham-Edwards, indeed, declares, as it is natural for an enthusiastic biographer to declare, that Young instinctively anticipated Adam Smith, and Mill, and Cobden, and all the pundits of economy. He was, if I may be pardoned for saying so, much

<sup>1</sup> Bentham, I may note, firmly believed that his favorite scheme had been discouraged by George III. because the king had been his anonymous antagonist in a newspaper controversy. The letters of Junius, it is also said, have been ascribed to the same author. But I have my doubts in both cases.

too charming a person to deserve that equivocal praise. He is delightful by reason of his vivacity, his amiable petulance, and unconscious inconsistencies. The wisest philosopher, if he honestly put down his first thoughts, would be always contradicting himself. We get the appearance of consistency only because we take time to correct, and qualify, and compare, and extenuate, and very often we spoil our best thoughts in the process. What would Mr. Ruskin lose if he cared for consistency? The price of suppressing first thoughts may be worth paying by a man whose strength lies in logic, but with a keen, rapid, impetuous observer like Arthur Young we would rather do the correcting for ourselves. His best phrases are impromptu ejaculations. "Oh, if I were legislator of France for a day," he exclaims, at the sight of estates left waste for game preserving, "I would make such great lords skip again!" These sentiments, he assures the reader, were "those of the moment," and he was half inclined to strike out many such passages. It was because they were "of the moment" that they are so impressive. Had he omitted them he would have taken off the edge of his best passages, though he might have expressed his later views more correctly.

This temperament, I need hardly argue, is not the ideal one for a political economist. His views should be expressible in columns of figures, and he should never let a vivid impression guide him till he has reduced it to tangible statements of profit and loss. He must deal in sober black and white, and be on his guard against the brilliant shifting colors which are apt to generate illusions as to the real proportions of the objects of vision. Young, indeed, was a sound economist—and that, no doubt, is what Miss Betham-Edwards means—in so far as he was a thorough Freetrader. The "whole system of monopoly," he declares, "is rotten to the core, and the true principle and vital spring and animating soul of commerce is *Liberty!*" That, however sound may be the doc-

trine, is the utterance of an enthusiast, not of a sober, logical reasoner. He was animated by the spirit of the contemporary philosophy. The great object of his idolatry was Rousseau. In his French travels he visits the tomb of that "Immortal" and "splendid genius," whose "magic" is teaching French mothers to nurse their children, and French nobles to love a country life. He denounces the "vile spirit of bigotry" which hunted Rousseau during his life as though he had been a mad dog. At Chambéry he turns even from his economical speculation to something still more interesting, the cause of the "deliciously amiable" Mme. de Warens, and described "by the inimitable pencil of Rousseau." He sought for information about the lady and could only discover that she was "certainly dead." In fact, as he produces a certificate of the occurrence of that event some thirty years before there seems to be no reason for doubting it. With this enthusiasm Young found a keen interest in the writings of the French economists, whose theory of the surpassing importance of agriculture was more congenial to him than Adam Smith's rival doctrines. One of the most amusing episodes in his French travels records his visit to the scene of the labors of the great Marquis de Turbilly. The reader who is ashamed of not remembering the name may be comforted by finding that even in his own country the great man's memory had faded within twelve years of his death. Young, however, boldly introduced himself to the new proprietor of the estates, was introduced to one of Turbilly's old laborers, and went off happy with an autograph of the great marquis to be placed among his curiosities. Other pilgrimages of the same kind, to places connected with names faintly remembered, it is to be feared, in England, prove the keenness of Young's interest in the literature of his favorite subject. Young's belief in Free Trade implies his acceptance of the chief doctrine of the French Economists, and his sympathy with the general movement of the time. Any one who should be sur-



prised that Young as the staunchest of agriculturists was not a Protectionist, would, of course, be guilty of an anachronism. In those days Adam Smith observes that the landowning classes were far more liberal than the manufacturers. England was only just ceasing to export corn, and Young was roused to his most indignant mood by the desire of the clothmakers to maintain restrictions upon the exports of English wool. What he really illustrates, indeed, is the spirit which we generally associate with the great revolution of manufacturers, as applied to the contemporary development of agriculture.

Another variety of Young's enthusiasm makes a pleasant and characteristic contrast to his discussions as to the prices of corn and rates of wages. A genuine love of scenery breaks out in his English tours, though it is generally consigned to the notes, the text being preserved for the graver purposes of statistical information. It has, too, a peculiar turn which marks the man. It may be doubted whether our admiration for "Nature" is really so new as we sometimes fancy. The old squire or country parson may have loved the forest or the moor as well as his descendants, though his love was unconscious. The scenery may have given a charm to his favorite pursuits, his fishing or his hunting, though he did not talk about it, or even know it. Scenery, even in poetry, was kept in the background of human figures, but was not less distinctly present. In Young's time, however, the country gentleman was becoming civilized and polished; he was building mansions with classical porticoes, filling them with pictures bought on the "grand tour," and laying out grounds with the help of Kent or a "capability" Brown. He was beginning, that is, to appreciate the advantage of adapting the environment to his dwelling-place; and the new art of "landscape gardening" was putting the old formal gardens out of fashion. Pope's garden at Twickenham had become famous, and Shenstone, as Johnson puts it, had "begun to point his pros-

pects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful." Johnson will not enquire whether this "demands any great powers of mind," but he admits that "to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement." Young, who was a most determined and indefatigable sightseer, had no misgivings about the "powers of mind" required. He visits the houses of the nobility most conscientiously, gives little criticisms of their pictures, which have at least the merit of perfect simplicity, and falls into ecstasies over the "embellishments of the form of nature." He visited the lakes mostly at the time when Gray was writing his now celebrated letters, and his descriptions are equally enthusiastic, if not of equal literary excellence. He "does" the neighborhood of Keswick in the most systematic way; and, I am glad to say it to his honor, is not content without climbing to the top of Skiddaw. He complains gently, however, that art has not been properly called in to the aid of nature. He would like winding walks and properly-fenced seats, which should enable him to look comfortably from the edge of precipices, and be led to them as a well-arranged surprise. His eloquence is stimulated to the highest flights when he visits Persfield on the "Why" (as he spells the river's name). There a judicious improver has laid out an estate in the most skilful way, so as to display the glories of the Wyndcliff and its neighborhood. Young is almost carried off his feet by his delight, but he recovers sufficiently to intimate some gentle and apologetic criticisms. He gives us an æsthetic discussion as to the correct method of mixing the sublime with the beautiful in due proportions. Young's contemporary, Gilpin, remarks of the same place that it is not "picturesque," but extremely romantic, and "gives a loose to the most pleasing riot of the imagination." Nothing in the way of literature seems to keep so ill as æsthetic crit-



icism; and we must not be hard upon these poor old gentlemen. They held that nature wanted a little judicious arranging and dramatizing. At Wentworth Young pronounces that the woods and waters are "sketched with great taste," and that the woods in particular have a "solemn brownness" which is gratifying to the connoisseur. Young had not read Wordsworth, for obvious reasons, and when he wants a bit of poetry has generally to resort to Pope's "breathes a browner horror o'er the woods." He much approves of a statue of Ceres and "a Chinese temple" which temper the rawness of nature at Wentworth; and elsewhere he gives another of his artless æsthetic disquisitions upon the proper theory of sham ruins. They ought, he thinks, to represent the real thing, and should not be made into mere places for tea-drinking. Whatever may be Young's limitations, however, it is impossible to doubt that his enthusiasm for the beauties of nature is as hearty and genuine as that of Gray or of any of the generation which learned its canons of taste from Wordsworth. At Killarney, for example, he is thrown into raptures of the most orthodox variety, and when he comes within sight of the Pyrenees Mr. Ruskin himself could not accuse him of deficient feeling. "This prospect" (from Montauban), he says, "which contains a semicircle of a hundred miles in diameter, has an oceanic vastness in which the eye loses itself; an almost boundless scene of cultivation; an animated, but confused, mass of infinitely varied parts, melting gradually into the distant obscure, from which emerges the amazing frame of the Pyrenees, rearing their silvered heads far above the clouds." Young, one cannot doubt after reading this and other passages, would have been in these days an honorary member of the Alpine Club, as well as of his numerous foreign agricultural societies.

There is, indeed, one exception to his enthusiasm. He would not have accepted Scott's love of the heather. He always speaks of "neather and ling" with a kind of personal animosity.

They are signs of the abomination of desolation. His criticism of French chateaux shows both sentiments. He is shocked, and with sufficient reason, at the game-preserving wastes which surround them, but he is also disgusted, in a minor degree, by the want of proper landscape-gardening. Their great houses are often built in the purlieu of a town; and what might be made into beautiful grounds abandoned to the baser purposes of stables or other utilitarian erections. Young naturally has the eye of the country gentleman as his successor Cobbett had the eye of the practical farmer. Neither could take the simply sentimental view; and in each, therefore, a most genuine love of country scenery is combined with an almost fanatical horror of a waste. Young would have sympathized with Cobbett's denunciation of the "accursed hill" of Hindhead, which some of us now find to possess certain charms; or have approved Defoe's remark, that Bagshot Heath had been placed by Providence so near to London in order to rebuke the pride of Englishmen by showing that the heart of their own country could be as desolate as a Scottish moor. Young, however, approved what Cobbett has begun to dread, the application to agriculture of the same spirit which was creating the manufacturing system. His ideal was the improving landlord. He accepts Gulliver's maxim that the man who could make two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, could deserve more of his country than all the politicians put together. Young had, as he said, passed his life up to fifty in trying to fulfil that duty; and he was not less energetic in his later life. It sums up his whole code of conduct. Every political and economical project was to be estimated by its tendency to increase the produce of agriculture. Other ends are secondary. The sight of land which might bear corn and only produced ling vexes his very soul. He regarded Enfield Chase as a simple "nuisance"—a scandal to the government of the country—and he calculates that Sallis-

bury Plain might be made to grow food for the whole population. For sympathy, again, he looked to the country gentleman. Not one farmer in five thousand, he complains, ever read a book; he is not foolish enough to waste his missionary zeal upon them; but the country happily abounds with gentlemen-farmers, and they are the sources of all improvement. His heroes are Tull, who introduced turnips; and Weston, who introduced clover; and Lord Townsend and Mr. Allen, who introduced marling into Norfolk. Wherever he sees a gentleman who has the sense to devote himself to such labors he pours out blessings on his head. I do not know whether he is most enthusiastic over the Marquis of Rockingham, who had taught the farmers of Yorkshire to grow better crops, or over the Duke of Bridgewater, whose great canal was among the first symptoms of the great manufacturing development of Lancashire. He was an incarnation of the spirit of improvement which was transforming England in his days; and there is something pleasant in his sanguine optimism as to public affairs, when his own little enterprises were anything but prosperous. The darker side of the great industrial revolution which was to alarm Cobbett was still hidden from him. The growth of pauperism, which began with war and famine at the end of the century, was still in the future. In the earlier period all patriots were still lamenting over an imaginary decline of the population, which could not be disapproved by the imperfect statistics of the time. Young has to meet their Jeremiads by rather conjectural figures as well as by his own observations of growing prosperity on all sides. His views are often oddly different from those which came up with the next generation. He denounces the poor-laws—partly on the familiar ground that they are demoralizing incentives to idleness. But he hates them still more because they were, as he puts it, "framed in the very spirit of depopulation." He reckons it as one of the great advantages of Ire-

land that the absence of poor-laws encourages a rapid increase of the numbers of the people. No one could speak more warmly of the importance of improving the condition of the poor in Ireland and elsewhere, but he has no thought of the dangers which alarmed Malthus and the later economists. The one merit of the old poor-laws according to them was that the parishes had an interest in checking the growth of the population. That, according to Young, was the cardinal vice of the system. The great aim of the statesman should be an increase of population. The way to increase population is to take all fetters from industry. Cultivate waste lands, turn Salisbury Plain into arable fields, carry cultivation, as Macaulay hoped we should do, to the top of Helvellyn and Ben Nevis; make roads and canals, introduce threshing-machines and steam-engines, and population will increase with the means of employment. He is a little puzzled at times by the conflict of interests. Low wages, he remarks, are good for the employer; and he observes that, in London, wages are high. Therefore, he argues, the statesman should limit the size of London. There are other reasons for this. London is a devouring gulf; the deaths greatly exceed the births; it is actually eating away population, and should somehow be kept down in the interests of agriculture. Another symptom which vexes Young's soul is the enormous consumption of tea. Tea, in the first place, is debilitating generally, and therefore tends to diminish numbers; and, in the second place, it is unfavorable to agriculture. If all the money spent upon tea were spent upon corn enough corn could be raised, as he calculates, to support four millions of people. Finally, the money spent upon tea is all thrown away upon the Chinese instead of supporting British industry. Young was evidently rather vague in his political economy; though it would be unfair to take some of these *obiter dicta*, thrown out on the spur of the moment, as his definite conclusions. In another respect, Young is very unlike

his followers. How are we to get rich? he asks; and his answer is, by increasing our debt of one hundred and forty millions to two hundred millions. The additional sum, he explains, is to be spent on reclaiming waste lands. He wishes government to interfere energetically, and complains bitterly that English statesmen have always neglected agriculture. England, as he tells a French friend, "has had many Colberts but not one Sully." Our husbandry has flourished in the teeth of our ministers, and is far from what it would be had it received the same attention as trade and manufactures. Once more, to make two blades grow in the place of one is the ultimate object of all rational conduct, the tendency to produce that result the criterion of all policy and energy in bringing it about the duty of all ministers, politicians, and private persons. All good things will follow.

Young's devoted and unflagging zeal, and his sanguine confidence in his principles is equally attractive, whatever the inconsistencies or rashness of his speculations. This must be remembered in reading his French travels. Young is generally cited as justifying the Revolution; and his later recantation regarded as one of the many instances of inconsistency due to the Reign of Terror. It must be observed, however, though it certainly does not diminish the value of his evidence, that Young was never a political follower of the revolutionists. His real sympathy was with his Anglomaniac friends, Liancourt and his like. The question is, as he says in 1789, whether the French will adopt the British Constitution, with improvements, or listen to speculative theorists. The result, in the latter case, would be "inextricable confusion and civil wars." Young's great merit is precisely that he records his impressions of facts so vividly and candidly that the value of his evidence is quite independent of the correctness of his political conclusions. I will not ask what those conclusions should be. Young's point of view is the characteristic point for us. The French condi-

tions inverted his English experience. In England he has to be constantly lamenting the want of roads; but what roads there were were thronged. In France there are magnificent roads, but "circulation is stagnant." In Languedoc he passes "an incredible number of splendid bridges and many superb causeways," but a certain *Croix Blanche* is an "execrable receptacle of filth, vermin, impudence, and imposition," presided over by "a withered hag, the demon of beastliness." Not a carriage to be had. In England you have towns of three thousand people, cut off from all highroads, yet with clean inns, civil hosts, and a post-chaise ready at a moment's notice. Young wishes to have both the energetic government and the energy of private enterprise. He admires the great public works of France, but is stirred to wrath by the apathy of the individual Frenchman. Though he is constantly acknowledging the courtesy of Frenchmen, and their superiority in many points of refinement, he is oddly annoyed by their taciturnity. He can never get any adequate conversation at a table d'hôte. Possibly the excellent Young, who was clearly ready to talk to anybody, was a little impeded in France by the fact that (as we learn from Miss Burney) his knowledge of the language was limited, and he filled up any gaps by inserting English words with an imitation of the French accent. He could certainly make a speech under pressure, for he describes how he once pacified a suspicious mob, which thought that the inquisitive traveller must be devising schemes for taxation. He pointed out that in his own country the rich were taxed for the poor,—there was some good in the poor-laws, after all! But a further explanation is suggested from his lamentation over the surprising ignorance of their own affairs in the provinces. There were no newspapers and no political talk, even at the exciting times of the Revolution. Petty English tradesmen, he declares, were talking about the last news from France all over the country, before any interest in the matter had spread to the

people directly affected. In English counties the newspaper circulated from the squire's hall to the farmer or the small artisan; but the French *seigneurs* formed no centres of superior enlightenment. They crowded into the towns and spent their rents upon the theatres; they only visited the country when they were banished; and then they turned great districts into mere wildernesses to be roamed over by boars, wolves, and deer. They made one blade grow where two had grown before. Young admired the English country gentleman as the active supporter and originator of all improvements. His French rival was a mere incubus, an effete "survival." In France, according to Young, half, if not two-thirds, of the land was already in the hands of small proprietors. The peasants supplied the industry, and carried out what improvements there were. They illustrated his famous phrase, "The magic of property turns sand to gold." Meanwhile, the great *seigneurs* do nothing; they receive quit rents and enforce "taillies" and "corvées," and all the oppressive incidents of feudal tenure. Young accordingly transfers to the peasantry the sympathy which in England he felt for the country gentleman. He did not object to the large proprietor as such; but to the proprietor, large or small, who did not do his duty by his property. He draws up an indictment against the French nobility, which is all the more impressive because it does not imply any preconceived political theories. At one moment he approves of the French peasantry for seizing waste lands by force; and even wishes that the English peasantry were authorized to take similar steps. After all, waste land is the great evil of the world. But it is quite intelligible that from his point of view the actual course of affairs in France should have convinced him that too high a price might be paid even for the appropriation of a waste. In England, Young's zeal for agricultural improvements was never qualified. It must, he was clear, be good for everybody. He tells landlords that they are

foolish for boasting of not raising their rents. To raise rents (within limits, he admits) is the best way of stimulating industry. His ideal person is a certain wonderful collier. The owner of the property had tried to improve the condition of his workmen by giving them small allotments of waste land. One of them worked from midnight till noon in the mine, and after his twelve hours, spent eight more upon improving his bit of land, removing gigantic rails, and finally turning nine or ten acres into cultivated fields. Young celebrates this extraordinary feat of working twenty hours a day for several years, with characteristic enthusiasm, and offers to receive subscriptions for the hero, which, we will hope, enabled the collier to relax his industry.

At a splenetic moment during his French travels, Young, riding on a blind mare, just misses a meeting with Charles Fox, who had excited the wonder of the natives by his modesty in travelling with nothing but a post-chaise, a cabriolet for his servants, and a courier to order horses. "A plague on a blind mare!" exclaims Young; "but I have worked through life, and he *Talks!*" Young had talked a good deal, too; especially on paper; but his momentary grumble was pardonable. His "three thousand experiments," and his various attempts to get out of perpetual anxiety had brought him little but reputation. George III., indeed, sent him a merino ram, much to his satisfaction; it proved that the king had just views of glory, and that a period was coming when "more homage" would be paid to a prince for giving "a ram to a farmer than for wielding a sceptre." George III. soon found it necessary to devote more time to his sceptre than to his rams; but Young's path was happily crossed by a congenial and more useful friend. Sir John Sinclair was an ideal representative of the dismal science. He atoned for being an intolerable bore by doing some excellent work. He inherited a large estate in Caithness, and began his reign by assembling his tenants and making in one day a road over an inaccessible hill; and he

set to work enclosing, rearranging farms, introducing fisheries, and generally rousing the primitive Gaelic population to a sense of the advantages of civilization. He promoted agricultural societies, and introduced the "long sheep" into the Highlands. His son tells us that due regard was paid in his improvements to the interest of the poor; that a tide of prosperity set in and population increased rapidly. At any rate, Sinclair translated into practice Young's most cherished principles. Sinclair sat at the feet of Adam Smith; and travelled to Sweden and Russia in search of information: and wrote a "History of the Revenue," and became a member of Parliament. He began, in 1791, to publish a book of great value, the "Statistical Account of Scotland." He is said to have been the first person to introduce the word "statistical" into English and this book, a collection of reports from the ministers of all the Scottish parishes, was of great importance at a time when people did not even know for certain whether population was increasing or declining. Sinclair, in 1793, persuaded Pitt to start the "Board of Agriculture." Arthur Young had bet the nineteen volumes of his *Annals* against the twenty-one of Sinclair's "Statistical Account" that Pitt would not consent. He lost the bet, to his great satisfaction, for, though the minister would only allow £3,000 a year, Young was made secretary with a salary of £600. Now, with the congenial Sinclair, he would set to work and, on however modest a scale, government would at last set about producing those two blades of grass. Their first aim was to do in England what Sinclair had done in Scotland. The English clergy were to be asked to rival the Scottish ministers. But here occurred a significant difficulty. One of Young's pet theories was that tithes were an intolerable burthen to agriculture. He would not confiscate them; but would commute them for an increase of glebe. The English clergy, he explains, had so little to do that they naturally took to dancing and sporting, if not to still less

decorous pursuits. Agriculture was the natural employment for them, as, indeed, it was the ideal occupation for every one. The clergy, however, suspected, not unnaturally, that gentlemen of these views might be insidiously attacking the tithes and would probably be putting awkward questions. The Archbishop of Canterbury protested; and the board had to be less inquisitive, and confined itself in this direction to publishing a number of reports upon the agriculture of counties. They tried, however, to promote their grand object by other means. The worthy Sinclair once made a joke—not, it is true, of the first water; but still, as it was his only joke, he naturally repeated it as often as possible. This was to give as a toast, "May commons become uncommon!" He fully shared Young's mania. What is the use, he would inquire, of conquering colonies? Let us first conquer Finchley Common and compel Epping Forest to "submit to the yoke of improvement." His son claims for him the merit of actually making the suggestion which led to the enclosure of Hounslow Heath. With all their energy, Sinclair and Young could never persuade Parliament to pass a General Enclosure Bill; but they claimed to have facilitated the process which went on so rapidly in their time. They helped in the break-up of the common field system, the source of all slovenly agriculture according to their views. Meanwhile, it is to be feared, the board became rather a nuisance. It was a rather anomalous body, with no very definite functions; and it went about like an intrusive busybody, trying to stir up people in general by every means in its power. It offered premiums for inventions, and encouraged scientific writers to give lectures and produce books, and held meetings where good agriculturists might make each other's acquaintance; but it is said to have ultimately become a kind of political debating society, and finally expired a few years after the peace.

Sinclair had by this time returned to Scotland, where he was liberally be-



stowing his tediousness upon his countrymen and the world. He got up Highland games, promoted the use of the bagpipes, and defended the authenticity of Ossian. He expounded his opinions in numerous pamphlets—his son gives a list of three hundred and sixty-seven of these productions—and, finding the employment insufficient, spent his spare time in composing four gigantic cyclopedias, which were to codify all human knowledge upon health, agriculture, religion, and political economy. The first two alone were published, and I confess that I have not read nor even seen them. It appears, however, from the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1807) that the first fills four volumes of eight hundred closely printed pages apiece; marked, as the reviewer asserts, in the good old style, by "indistinctness," "incredible credulity," "mawkish morality," "marvellous ignorance," and a "display of the most diffuse, clumsy, and superficial reasoning." The reviewer gives as specimens Sinclair's remarks upon the advantage of taking butter with fish; and his elaborate proof that, although the stomach is an organ not remarkable for external elegance, it not the less requires careful attention, in consequence of its delicate structure. Sinclair probably opposed a good solid stolidity to this heartless levity. He proposed that his work should be translated into the principal languages of Europe, and promised that it should add from ten to thirty years to the life of every attentive reader. Apparently he had the reward appropriate to gentle dulness, for it is said that five editions were sold—a sufficient answer to any review. Sinclair survived till 1835.

Meanwhile Arthur Young had a more pathetic end. His secretaryship had taken him to London. There his handsome presence and open-hearted, cordial ways made him acceptable in society, which he heartily enjoyed. But his life was soon darkened. He was tenderly attached to his youngest daughter "Bobbin," to whom, in her infancy, he wrote pleasant little letters, and whom he never forgot in his travels. "I have

more pleasure," he says at the end of his first tour in France, "in giving my little girl a French doll than in viewing Versailles," and "viewing Versailles" was no small pleasure to him. Her death in 1797 struck a blow after which he never quite recovered his cheerfulness. His friends thought that a blindness which soon followed was due to "excess of weeping." I do not know whether physicians would regard this as a possible cause of cataract. An operation for this disease was performed eleven years later, and recovery promised on condition of calmness. Wilberforce coming to see him told him of the death of the Duke of Grafton, now chiefly remembered by the abuse of Junius. The duke, however, became serious in his later years, and was, perhaps, one of Young's improving landlords. Anyhow, the news, or Wilberforce's comments, provoked a burst of tears which was fatal to Young's hopes of recovery. He retired to his native village, and sought for consolation in religious practices. He published little selections from the works of Baxter and Owen; and preached on Sunday evenings in a hall at Bradfield. "There is still living (1889) a nonagenarian at Bradfield," writes Miss Betham, "who remembers his sermons." The blind old man "would get his back turned to his audience and have to be put straight by his daughter and secretary." He still worked at his favorite pursuit and left ten folio volumes in manuscript of a History of Agriculture. He died 20 April, 1820. The nonagenarian of 1889 is by this time, if he survives, probably a centenarian; but it is curious to reflect that we have still among us men of active minds whose careers overlap Young's. His enthusiasm refers to a strangely altered state of things. What he would think of the present state of England, of modern London, of the imports of tea, of the growth of population and of agricultural depression it is needless to conjecture. No doubt he would admit that some of his predictions have turned out badly, but he would perhaps hold not the less that he was right in

making them. The shortsightedness of the most intelligent observers suggests comfort when one studies some modern prophets.

From Temple Bar.

#### AN EVENING IN BOHEMIA.

Though it is many years ago, the first Sunday evening I spent at the pleasant house of the late poet and dramatic writer, Dr. Westland Marston, has made an indelible impression upon me. I had lately come from Paris, my birthplace, so this particular Sunday evening was my first introduction into London literary and artistic society. My chaperon was an authoress who had, more or less, a feeling of contempt for the weaker sex and a strong partiality for the lords of creation. I remember that the loud rat-a-tat at the hall door was not answered with the celerity she evidently expected, for when the servant at last let us in, the hawk-like stare of my literary duenna had the effect of making the maid-of-all-work wince, and falter out in a timid, apologetic tone of voice: "I was in the kitchen, mum, preparing the tray."

"And what a place to deposit it in!" retorted my friend, glaring at the floor, on which reposed the tray covered with glasses and soda-water bottles. "I was nearly walking into it and smashing the whole concern."

"I was in such a hurry," faltered the poor girl, growing crimson. "There is so much to do up-stairs as well as down-stairs on Sunday evenings." She flounced into the drawing-room with the tray and left us standing in the hall. There was a varied collection of masculine hats—billycocks, soft felt wide-awakes, more or less battered and greasy-looking; the top-hat was conspicuous by its absence. The greatcoats and woollen comforters were decidedly shabby, but I gazed at them with a feeling akin to reverence, for at that youthful period of my existence I considered shabbiness a special attribute of genius. We took off our wraps in a dusty den

filled with books and periodicals; a few feminine garments were piled up on an old horsehair sofa.

There was a loud hum of voices, some burly laughter mingling with the clink of glasses and the popping of soda-water bottles. As we entered the drawing-room it was filled with the perfume of tobacco; a haze of blue smoke hung like a thick veil over everybody and everything. The scene recalled a picture I had lately noticed by Teniers, but this time it was not boors, but authors, drinking. Nearly every man had a tumbler in his hand and a cigar or a pipe in his mouth.

Dr. Westland Marston greeted us with genial courtesy. There was distinction in the voice and manner of the author of "The Patrician's Daughter." He introduced me to his eldest daughter, Miss Nellie Marston, a dark-eyed, dark-haired lady with a *spirituelle* expression. After a few seconds' talk she pointed out to me her brother Philip, remarking, "The tall, handsome girl standing by his side is his fiancée, Miss Nesbit. Is she not charming—like a graceful lily? My brother is now so happy. Poor fellow, his blindness is such a terrible misfortune! He needs, more than any one, sympathetic companionship."

Philip Bourke Marston looked a poet—such a fine, intellectual head and brow. The sightless eyes gave a pathetic interest to his face. Miss Nesbit was a sweet fiancée. They sat in a window recess beaming with happiness. Alas! how rapidly this romance terminated! Shortly after Miss Nesbit left I had an opportunity of speaking to the young poet. He had a peculiar choppy utterance, a slight hesitation of speech; but what surprised me most, while gazing at his sightless eyes, was the way in which he constantly alluded to his keen sense of beauty and horror of ugliness. He spoke of his admiration for color, of his love of flowers. I remember, when telling him that I had lately been to the National Gallery for the first time, he exclaimed, "It is a pity to go there by St. Martin's Lane; that neighborhood makes me shudder. I go a long

way to avoid ugly streets, but when I get inside the gallery then I expand with delight. How I revel in Turner! And many of the old masters fascinate me. That portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself, exercises a kind of spell. I stand in front of it, always with more and more admiration; it is a marvel." Our talk ceased, the room became crowded, and many people gathered round Philip Marston.

"Who is that dark, mysterious looking man standing near the door?" I inquired of Miss Marston. "He is neither smoking nor drinking, and looks so intellectual."

"I should rather think so," she answered, smiling. "It is Dante Rossetti, a great painter-poet, and such a kind friend of Philip's."

I stared at the great man; his personality struck me at once; there was a look of power about him. The dark eyes shining out from the olive-skinned face, the wide, sensitive nostrils, the full under-lip and rather heavy jaw, denoted the sensuous, artistic temperament; the brow and sweep of the head bespoke high intellect. A smallish man, with a large tawny head, was talking to him and gesticulating a good deal. "What contrasts," I remarked; "one so dark and massive, the other so fair and slight."

"Both great poets, for that is Swinburne."

I moved in the direction of the poets' corner. Dante Rossetti's voice was peculiarly beautiful; there was a magic in it. I listened with rapt attention to what he was saying. They were discussing early Italian art.

I suppose the eager expression of my face attracted the attention of Rossetti, for he suddenly addressed me, asking me if I was fond of pictures.

I told him that I was studying art, and had lately been copying pictures in the Louvre; had attempted "La Belle Joconde" (Mona Lisa), Leonardo da Vinci's *chef d'œuvre*.

"Oh, what a picture!" he exclaimed; "so full of mystery, so subtle, and that wonderful inner smile—"

I cannot remember all that Dante

Rossetti said to me, but the impression was delightful. His language was glowing, his manner kindly and courteous. He invited me to visit his studio in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and see his picture of "Dante's Dream."

There was a galaxy of celebrities that evening. "Earthly Paradise" Morris, in a rough grey coat, and blue, collarless shirt, looking handsome and unconventional; Horne, author of "Orion;" Hepworth Dixon, Madox-Brown, and his gifted young son, Philip's bosom friend; Mr. Harwood, then the editor of the *Saturday Review*, so genial and gentle, accompanied by his wife and clever daughter, Ross Neil. The lovely actress, Adelaide Neilson, in a white silk dress, coquetting with a dramatic critic, whose limbs seemed to totter from emotion, Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas), Miss Mathilde Blind were there; also a great sprinkling of budding poets, wearing their hair long, and who attitudinized a great deal, as they hovered round the masters. Arthur O'Shaughnessy (then engaged to be married to Miss Nellie Marston) looked particularly spick and span; his shirt-front was capacious, his black coat well brushed, his eyes beaming through gold-rimmed spectacles. He was so neat and precise, just as if he had stepped out of a band-box, that I never then would have taken him for a poet. The editor of a high-class literary periodical, looking formal and wearing kid gloves, appeared supremely uncomfortable while trying to avoid a couple of authoresses who evidently wanted their novels to be noticed. They pursued him quite round the room. At last he was captured by another young person, who had a Botticelli appearance, reddish brown fluffy hair (like a haystack on fire), a white, intense face, crimson lips, and a very square jaw. She wore a loose, faded, olive-green garment, cut low at the neck. Her peculiar drooping attitudes impressed me then; it was the first time I had seen such a being, and I fancied she was consumed by sacred fire. However, the poor editor like the fly was caught in the spider's net, for he relapsed into a chair by

her side and listened. When the talk was at its highest pitch there was a particularly loud knock at the front door.

"Oh, that is Wills! I know his knock," exclaimed Philip Marston.

"Now you will see the very King of Bohemia—the Oliver Goldsmith of our time; kind-hearted, generous, simple; no one's enemy but his own; full of oddities and inconsistencies; a true gentleman, an author and an artist," cried our host; "but here he comes."

There are people whose mere entrance into a room diffuses an atmosphere of geniality and *bonhomie*, an aura of kindness (as the Theosophists express it). The pleasant, burly voice: "How are you, my friend?" or "How are you, old fellow?" rang cheerily through the room; there was a general shaking of hands, a flutter of expectation in the feminine camp; the Botticelli maiden blushed and threw herself into a more picturesque pose as the eyes of W. G. Wills were directed towards her.

Though the atmosphere of the room was like a hothouse, Mr. Wills kept on his thick grey ulster. His head was Shakespearian, with a good brow; the grey, kindly eyes had just a suspicion of cunning in one of them; the bow of his blue necktie had slipped under his ear—indeed, he looked particularly untidy, and there was a streak of charcoal (he had evidently been drawing) across his nose.

My chaperon whispered: "Mr. Wills is so absent-minded that he probably forgets that he has two sides to his face, so he washes one cheek and omits the other! Does he not remind you of a semi-restored picture by an old master—one side in light, the other in the shade?"

From one pocket bulged a roll of paper, evidently manuscript; from another a long clay pipe peeped out, embedded in loose tobacco; his boots were splashed, his clothes unbrushed. Notwithstanding these disadvantages Mr. Wills had the unmistakable air of a gentleman.

"Have a glass of whiskey, Wills? and

here is a good cigar. You are rather late, old fellow," said our host.

"I have had an accident; my hood has been picked," answered the King of Bohemia.

"What do you mean by your hood been picked," answered the King of Bohemia.

The Botticelli maiden now threw her lithe body more forward, and clasped her knees (she had long, well-shaped white hands); her whole get-up and attitude was too picturesque not to be noticed, especially by artists.

"I mean, my friends" (Mr. Wills's voice was so ripe and mellow that we could all hear what he was saying), "that my hood"—indicating the appendage which hung loosely and limply behind his back—"has been picked of its contents. I had filled it with dainties for poor old D—, who has been very ill, and is now convalescent; so to give him a little cheer I put a woodcock, a bottle of port, grapes and oranges in the hood of this ulster. It is rather foggy tonight, and I was thinking of a play I am writing, so noticed nothing till I got to his lodgings. When I arrived I suddenly perceived that the hood was uncommonly light; everything had been stolen except one tiny orange!"

A general exclamation of "Too bad!" mingled with laughter, greeted this speech.

"How characteristic!" exclaimed Dr. Westland Marston. "This is a worthy pendant of the fowl episode."

"Oh, what *was* the 'fowl episode'?" murmured the Botticelli girl in a deep contralto voice.

"I am not going to speak any more about my unfortunate absence of mind," remarked Wills; "but if my peccadilloes amuse you, here is Mr. H—. He was the sufferer, so he can relate the incident with feeling!"

A white-headed man with a long beard, suggestive of Father Christmas, now came forward.

"Yes, I can speak from experience, for I was the victim."

"Now, you know I made up for it," exclaimed Mr. Wills, puffing away at his cigar.

"Yes, indeed; I never had a better dinner than the one you gave me at the Café Royal."

"But tell us the fowl incident," remarked the Botticelli damsel; "we are dying to hear all about it."

"Well," continued the long-bearded man, "Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that, as he was absent-minded, he'd better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket he wrote the date of it on his shirt-cuff. When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio; the door was opened by Wills. I could see by the blank expression of his face that he had forgotten all about the appointment."

"Ah, old fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Wills, "do not be too hard upon me; the cuff went to the wash and the date with it."

Mr. H— threw back his head and laughed, and I then noticed that he had no collar; the long beard hid a multitude of omissions.

"But Wills was up to the occasion," continued Mr. H—. "'All right,' says he; 'you are in time. There is a fowl in the pot boiling here. Just come in and wait a few minutes. I have a model posing for me—an Ophelia; she is draped. Come in and smoke a pipe. The fowl will soon be done.'"

"I had my misgivings, but walked inside, and sat upon the only chair that was not crowded with paints, brushes, or palettes, while Wills proceeded with his painting. I may add that the golden-haired model was perched upon a throne, and a more saucy hussy I never did see. After puffing away at my pipe for at least twenty minutes, feeling deucedly hungry, I groaned. This sound had the effect of reminding Wills that I was present. He exclaimed in a dreamy voice, 'The fowl must be boiled by this time,' and coming forward he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside.

"'It is very odd,' he remarked, 'but I cannot see the fowl! Just come here, Elsie,' says he to the model, who descended from her perch—and look."

"'I can see nothing,' she exclaimed, laughing.

"'Did you not witness my putting the fowl in here, Elsie?'"

"'No, I did not,' says she; 'but you told me you had done so.'"

"'Extraordinary!' ejaculated Wills. 'No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen.'"

"Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later I called again at the studio and noticed a peculiar odor. I said to Wills, 'What is it that smells so queerly?' 'Oh,' says he, 'it is nothing—merely some oil-study drying by the stove.' But I was curious, and, if I may so express myself, went in the direction indicated, and there—guess what I discovered—the old fowl in a piece of brown paper behind one of the large canvases, in a state of decomposition!"

"Ah," said Wills, "now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor, Lady G—, about sittings for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas, and forgot all about it. But now, old fellow, *do* shut up!"

We all laughed, and Wills ensconced himself in another armchair, and I heard him say to the Botticelli girl:—

"I want you to do me a great favor."

"What is it?—anything to help your art?" stretching out her long neck.

"Yes; I want you to give me some sittings for my Ophelia. You have the mouth, chin, and throat I require, and the eyes would be perfect if you had a more crazy expression."

"I can put that in," she answered.

"Yes, anything to help a painter in his glorious mission," turning her eyes up to the ceiling.

"Ah, my dear young friend, art is heaven or hell. I am generally attending the funeral of my own ideals. It is a delight—the creation of beauty; but I cannot paint to order. Unfortunately I have commissions to execute babies in pastels—such a nuisance!"

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Wills!" remarked a fat lady with a shrill voice. "You must be more practical. Babies in pas-



tels are more paying than Ophelias in oils."

"You speak as if art was a mere grocery store! Talking of babies in pastels, her Majesty the queen has commanded me to paint one of the royal grandchildren."

"I congratulate you," retorted the plump lady. "Do yourself justice and your fortune will be made if you execute worthily the royal commission."

"I certainly did not jump at the order, for I telegraphed to Windsor saying that I was engaged, and could not just then execute the royal order."

"How preposterous! Great heavens, how terrible!—worse than a crime! It was a 'bévue,' as Talleyrand would have said. You must be as mad as the Ophelia you are painting to throw away such a magnificent chance."

"Do not get excited, my friend," said Mr. Wills with a bland smile; "it is all right now. I have since been to Windsor, and even had a little joke with the queen about the imperial baby. But I loathe the notion of becoming a fashionable portrait painter; that, indeed, would be the death of art. How can one do justice to one's real talent?"

"You are prejudiced; and if you really think so, Mr. Wills, why don't you get up a company for improving the upper classes?" remarked the plump lady.

"Or a company to abolish bores," remarked a supercilious long-haired youth in a brown velveteen coat, who had recently produced a volume of poems.

"I think that a company to suppress mild poems and weak novels would be very welcome," added the lady *sotto voce*.

"I want a society to suppress the so-called shrieking and dissatisfied woman—the woman with emotions, misunderstood. It would be a grand thing to put them all under a big pump and give them iced shower-baths," added my chaperon, glaring angrily at the feminine portion of the community.

But this threatened civil, or rather uncivil, war was suddenly put a stop to by the entrance, at long past midnight,

of a peculiar looking man, wearing top-boots, a belt round his waist, and flowing hair.

"Is he a lunatic, or a poetical genius?" I whispered.

"A poet. He hails, I believe, from California," answered my chaperon. "His name is Joaquin Miller, and he has written 'The Poem of the Sierras.'"

This gentleman's entrance produced a sensation, especially among the younger ladies. He affected the airs of the noble savage. I saw him pat the hair of a lady, and in an enthusiastic tone of voice exclaim, "It reminds me of the locks of one of my squaws!"

The clock struck one. My friend and I bade good-night to our hosts. It was with regret that I left that delightful Bohemian gathering. Many of the people I met there for the first time, became friends later on. But, alas! how many of those bright, intellectual people have now joined the great majority—so many of them in early middle life. Both of Dr. Westland Marston's daughters, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who died less than two years after his wife; then the blind poet Philip, who lost every one he cared for before he had reached middle life—his fiancée died of rapid consumption shortly after their engagement. The following pathetic lines are addressed to her memory:—

Oh my sweet one, sweetest!

Love of loves, supreme!

This has been the fleetest,

Sweetest, brilliant dream!

Only for me to go from gloom to gloom,  
And at the end, dark Death for bride.

Then he lost his sister Cecily, who was a modern Antigone for loving devotion, leaving him more desolate than ever.

In densest midnight of my life I stand.  
The light which lightened it is darkened  
now.

Thy love cruel Death would not to me  
allow.

Again went forth the inexorable com-  
mand.

And in thy place he sits, at my right  
hand,

A still, sad ghost, thine absence to avow.

Perhaps now that Philip Marston has passed into another world he may see the faces of those he loved on earth.

Madox-Brown and his gifted son are dead; Dante Rossetti lies in the pretty churchyard at Birchington-on-Sea; the lovely Adelaide Neilson died suddenly and alone in Paris; the chief of the house, Dr. Westland Marston, is also gone, and the genial, whimsical, talented W. G. Wills has breathed his last in a London hospital. And yet it is not so many years ago that they filled that drawing-room in Regent's Park Road with their vivid intelligence. As I recall their voices, gestures, play of features, it is difficult to realize that they are now mere handfuls of dust. But their memory lives, bright and sharp, far more living than many of the figures that move about in the conventional drawing-rooms of so-called fashionable society.

HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
HENRY.

"You may know," says a writer of London, "the men with a million of money, or thereabouts, by their being ordinarily very shabby, and by their wearing shocking bad hats, which have seemingly never been brushed, on the backs of their heads." This is a case in which extremes meet, for you may know the men and boys, with no money at all, by the very same tokens. The whole individuality of the youth to whom this sketch is dedicated centred in his—veritably—"shocking bad" hat, which had been seemingly never brushed, and which he wore on the back of his head. Why the men with a million of money affect this style of headgear, this manner of treating it, and this mode of wearing it—Mr. George Augustus Sala may have known it; it is not known to me, but I know, or think I know, why the youth who walked before me up North End Road, Kensington, one day last week affected these things. He wore a "shocking bad" hat, because he had not money to purchase a better one; he did not

brush it, because the conception of dirt as matter in the wrong place was unknown to him, and soil on his hat displeased him no more than soil under his foot; and he wore it on the back of his head, intending to challenge, as thereby he did challenge, attention, with the result that his hat was no less than three times in the course of his walk up this London road tilted by passers-by. This thing, it was evident, tickled agreeably his sense of the comical, and presumably to add to the amusement thus obtained, he lifted his hat to every lady—as there is strong reason to believe—not of his acquaintance, met by him. In a word, this youth's singularity was wholly and solely bound up with his hat. If this article could have been pinned or otherwise fastened to his hair, he would have presented an entirely normal appearance—as seen from behind. As seen from in front, his appearance was—is—so singular that considerable curiosity is felt concerning him. It is with the aim of appeasing, if only in a measure, that curiosity that what follows is made public.

To impress upon the world the idea that he is a sort of Mephistopheles has long been the chief object in life of Henry. He rejoices in this appropriate name, being called by the Cockney form of it, which undergoes vowel change with elision of the aspirate and suppression of the *n*. As befitting this assumed character, he assiduously cultivates certain facial peculiarities, among them a wide, set gaze and a curious straightness of the lips. The grimace thus achieved is considered by Henry to impart to him a wholly Satanic air; and when, as pretty often, there comes to him an irresistible impulse to do a kind act, these mannerisms and others similar are strongly emphasized, lest any one should conceive that the act in question has had its origin in anything nobler than freak. In fine, Henry is, what Napoleon, with all due deference to Thomas Carlyle, was not—a portentous mixture of quack and hero.

His weekly walk through the North

End Road takes him to a kinswoman who is blind, and whom, for that reason, he pilots to chapel morning and evening. He has done this since early childhood, and he still receives the reward which was meted out to him on the first day of doing it, to wit, a bag of sweets apportioned in two halves, one being given to him in the morning, and one being given to him in the evening. In that great darkness in which his kinswoman lives, that the times have changed, and that Henry has changed with them, is a fact which apparently has passed unnoticed. For a youth with Byronic proclivities to be made the recipient of a half-filled bag of sweets at a chapel door twice on every Sunday of the year must be something of an ordeal. It is probably the greatest ordeal to which Henry is ever subjected.

The calling which this youth follows is one which seems to be peculiar to these islands—he is a cats'-meat hawker. It will have been noticed by some, if not, perhaps, by all readers of this, that the cats'-meat man is a person not to be looked for in the grandest, and also not to be looked for in the lowliest, places—that is, in his professional capacity. In his private character he may be met anywhere, even in the old court suburb of London. If any cats'-meat man here plies his trade, however, it is only with moderate success; the great field of action for this commercial body is in more northerly regions. There is one North London suburb where the calling of cats'-meat man could probably not be overstocked. The reason of this is that there, more than in any other region of London, there is a delightful preponderance of the class which is not rich and is not poor, but is an intermediate English thing for which there is, unfortunately—and unaccountably—no name. This class is the one which gives out its washing and buys cats'-meat, and which, on the score of being able to do this, considers itself—and, mayhap, rightly considers itself—a credit to England and the whole earth. Henry, who is gifted with business talents of

no mean order, plies his calling among this class, and that he does not make his fortune by so doing, but remains bitterly poor, can only be explained on the ground of his large philanthropy. Not only is he to all his friends that friend indeed who is friend in need, and that, when at all possible, in a very practical way, but at twenty years of age he wholly supports two persons besides himself. One is his blind kinswoman, the other is a kinswoman in the possession of all her senses, except when, as on one or two days of every week, she goes on what he calls euphemistically, "visits to her friends." That way madness lies, and she becomes for that time a mad woman. Inquiries concerning her made by persons of plainer speech are usually made in the formula, "Maria on the drink again?" a formula this which does not offend Henry, though he is sufficiently attached to Maria to hold his home open to her. It also does not offend him when the facetious among his familiars ask after his blind kinswoman in the words, "How is the Old Hundredth?" words containing an allusion either to her great age or great piety. Levity never displeases him, yet so little is his soul a clod that he has visions. In these visions he sees himself the happy man that he will be when these two women are gathered to their foregoers, for then he means to marry a young lady to whom he is warmly attached. This young lady is one of twelve damsels in the employ of a collar-dresser, who takes out their work and disposes of it, for he does not work himself, being a sweater. She is paid miserably, however, she refuses to allow Henry to contribute an iota towards her sustenance while she is a maid. One could not say that all this is sweet and commendable in her nature, but this in it is sweet and commendable—she loves Henry to ecstasy, and by a curious defect of mental vision sees in him not a hero, which in some respects he is, but a thing which he is really in no respect, a brilliant and fascinating "gentleman."

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

From The Spectator.

BIRDS AT THE AMSTERDAM ZOO.

Visitors to the London Zoo must often be struck with the difference in condition and plumage of the various species of birds in the collection. Some, such as the waterfowl, pheasants, and parrots, are usually in good health and fine plumage; others, more particularly the hawks, eagles, and vultures, are too often moping and unhealthy. Among the birds in the Zoological Gardens of Amsterdam the standard of health is maintained among all species indifferently, and those remarkable for fine plumage or brilliant hues are exhibited with as much regard to effect as if they were pictures. The parrots and macaws take the place of the tulipbeds of the London Zoo, and are used for decorative purposes out of doors. In front of each of the trees in the main avenue is a handsome pendent perch, provided with a swing, and on these sit alternately red and blue macaws, or lorries and cockatoos. The effect of these long lines of brilliant color, broken by the whites and creams of the cockatoos, is admirable, and the beauty of the individual birds, moving freely in their open-air quarters, not less remarkable. Each of the hundred birds is in perfect condition, and the greater number are as tame as household pets. Even the macaws allow themselves to be stroked, and the cockatoos in nearly every case return the common parrot salutation of "kapper krau," and put down their heads to be rubbed. The spring moult in these tropical birds finishes late, and most of the salmon and sulphur crested cockatoos were growing new feathers in their crests. These sprout, covered with yellow or salmon covered sheaths, between the older feathers, like a crop of pink crocuses, growing through a featherbed. The long light chains by which these birds are tethered enable them to use their wings and show in some degree the beauty of the large parrots in flight. Others swing vigorously on their perches, which are so contrived that the bird can convert them into a

pendulum at will. This is a highly popular amusement with all the kinds, some of the cockatoos throwing their weight and using their wings with such just appreciation of balance that the perch travels through the whole possible limits of its arc, the bird shrieking in exact time to the rise and fall of the swing.

Quite as beautiful, and perhaps more interesting from the strangeness of its surroundings, is the colony of nesting cormorants on one of the small canals which cross the lower portion of the gardens. The domestic side of cormorant life can here be seen at close quarters, for the birds carry on their daily work of fishing, nest-building, sitting on eggs, rearing the young, quarrelling for "stands" for future nests, or basking in the sun, within a couple of yards of the path. At the time of the writer's visit there were five nests built close to the water. The nests were made of large sticks piled to a height of from two to three feet. One held a pair of young cormorants, covered with close, black down. In a second were three young birds of rather larger growth. On a third nest an old hen-bird was still sitting on her eggs, while the cock kept guard on the ground in front. The compact and glossy plumage of both shone with gleams of black and purple lustre, set off by the pale yellow skin on the cheek and bill. The cormorant is not usually credited with beauty, but, like the starling, it is a lovely bird in the breeding-season, when the sight of the old cock rushing to battle with all intruders, exchanging rapier-like thrusts of the beak with his enemies, croaking, swelling his throat, and even throwing himself on the ground to prevent access to the nest, makes a pretty illustration of bird courage. All this fuss and excitement is confined entirely to the male birds. The hens are quite ready to see a little company when sitting; and two were seen sitting side by side on eggs laid in a joint nest.

The collection of storks, herons, and cranes at Amsterdam is among the best in Europe. But these, unlike the cor-

morants, are exhibited in entirely artificial surroundings. Dutch taste is right in this decision, for the birds are so decorative both in form and plumage that conventional surroundings set off their beauty, and they appear to far greater advantage than in the sections of a meadow, railed off by wire, in which they are kept in Regent's Park. They inhabit a double line of square courts, paved with deep, dry sand, and faced with widely spaced bars. A miniature canal of running water travels through each of the courts, from end to end of the line. In the centre of each row is the fountain which supplies the stream, arched over by chestnut-trees, and surrounded by groups of solemn flamingoes. Standing on the warm, dry sand, by the splashing stream, the groups of crimson-headed cranes, grey, white, and purple herons, scarlet or bronze ibises, egrets and their kin, are in plumage and condition as perfect as it is possible for birds to be. The cranes are in such spirits that they dance all the morning, and even the adjutant-storks forget to look miserable. The "figures" in an Amsterdam crane's dance are probably those which have always been the fashion among cranes since they lived on the Mæander. First they spread their wings and leap lightly forward, then turn and retire at the slow march, bowing as each foot is placed on the ground, and complete the figure by the "goose-step." The pheasantries are admirably designed for exhibiting the beauty of the rare and gorgeous birds from the Dutch East Indian colonies. Each pair of birds lives in a spacious court, the sides and front of the enclosure being bound with trimmed ivy, making a frame to the picture. Among the less known species is Diard's pheasant, which should be studied by modistes in search of ideas for winter dresses. It has a crimson head, a back of smoke-grey, red, and black, and the breast dark green, which color is continued to the tip of the tail; but each feather above the tail is "shot" with crimson.

Judged by the difficulties experienced in other zoological gardens where the

larger rapacious birds are kept in confinement, the greatest triumph of the keepers of the Amsterdam Zoo is the condition of the eagles, hawks, and vultures. In every other collection which the writer has visited these birds are clearly suffering in captivity. Their flight and tail feathers are, as a rule, broken and dirty, and the whole bearing of the birds shows that they are in poor health and bad spirits. The first indication to the writer that the contrary was the case at Amsterdam was the back view of a huge black condor, sitting upright upon his perch, with his wing and tail spread out to catch the whole effect of the hot May sun. Every feather in wing and tail was perfect and in its place, each of the great flight feathers showing distinctly, just as Darwin saw them against the sky as he lay on his back and watched them soaring over the plains of Chili. To our delight and surprise every occupant of the cages was in equally good case as the condor. The whole company were taking a sun-bath, either on the sand, for the eagles and vultures are desert birds and love heat and dryness, or sitting on the perches with their backs to the sun, in the attitude of the condor. A *lämmergeier*—the fierce bearded vulture of the Alps and Caucasus—the reputed murderer of Alpine babies and convicted robber of Alpine flocks, was neighbor to the giant vulture of the Andes, not draggled and miserable, but upright, full-feathered, bright-eyed, and as smart as a Lancer. He too spread his wings for our edification, and showed the immense length of flight feathers and the exquisite beauty of the plumage. From head to tail the *lämmergeier* is pencilled grey on white, the tail, unlike that of all the eagles and vultures, being long and pointed, and adding greatly to the apparent height of the bird. The fierce, light eye is set in a patch of scarlet skin which shines like sealing-wax, and the whole appearance of this fine specimen of the largest bird of prey of Europe was in the highest degree noble and impressive. Blue Chilian falcons with plumage like a fresh-gathered plum, sea-eagles with



eyes like brown translucent stones and beaks and claws yellow and smooth as wax, king-vultures gorgeous with necks and heads like scarlet and salmon colored satin, all told the same story of perfect health and happiness in confinement, and delighted the eye with the spectacle at close quarters of what are probably the most perfectly equipped creatures in nature, in the acme of physical condition.

The causes of this success are only obvious in part. Proper feeding is in all probability the main reason for the health of the carnivorous birds. But it is in part due to the warmth and dryness of their houses and enclosures. These are in every case paved with deep dry sand, like that in which the tulips and potatoes are grown in the "dunes." Every bird revels in this sand. They "wash" in it, bask on it,

sleep on it, and mix it with their food. Even the sea-eagles will dust in it like a hen on an ash heap. At Regent's Park an eagle or vulture has a floor of cold concrete,—non-absorbent, wet in rain, icy in frost, and decorated with a shallow puddle in the centre, in which the bird's feathers are dragged and spoilt. With good food and dry lodgings the bird's health is preserved and its feathers grow. That they are not broken later is due to the strict rules against frightening or even feeding the animals, for which a fine of five gulden may be recovered. Thus the birds are so tame that they never dash their wings against the bars, and exhibit the same composure and care when taking a short flight across their cage as do all birds when launching themselves for flight in the open.

The Home of the Satans.—The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the "Island of Fire." This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the centre of the plains of Grobogana, and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the centre of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spirelike column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a

seething mass of bubbling mud and slime, a marvel to the visitors who come from great distances to see it.

Blacklight.—Such is the name given by M. Gustave Le Bon to certain dark and mysterious rays which are capable of penetrating opaque bodies as do the "X rays" of Professor Röntgen's vacuum tube, but which are found in ordinary sunlight and lamplight. M. Le Bon has no difficulty in taking photographs with these rays when the sensitive plate is covered by a metal plate, preferably of iron or copper, provided the exposure is sufficiently long—say, three hours. A better effect is got by placing the sensitive plate on a sheet of lead and putting the negative photograph to be copied over it, then laying an iron plate over all and bending up the edges of the lead plate so as to overlap the iron and form a closed box of iron on the top and lead on the bottom and sides. When this box with the sensitive plate inside is exposed for three hours to the light of a petroleum lamp or to sunlight, a distinct image of the negative will be found on the plate. M. Le Bon is of opinion that if our eyes were but slightly modified, we should be able to see through a brick wall.

